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Caledonian Edition

THE WORKS OF

Sir Walter Scott

INCLUDING

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

AND THE POEMS

IN FIFTY VOLUMES

VOLUME L

'A bride upon her wedding-day
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay'

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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'A BRIDE UPON HER WEDDING DAY WAS TENDED NE'ER BY TROOP SO GAY' . . . . . *Frontispiece*

From a drawing by Miss Eleanor F. Brickdale. (See page 28.)

THE WOODLAND BROOK 10

'Come, Lucy! while 't is morning hour
The woodland brook we needs must pass.'

A typical woodland scene, common enough in southern Scotland and northern England.

TRIERMAIN CASTLE 16

'The lordly halls of Triermain'

Only a small portion of one wall remains of the ancient Castle of Triermain. There was perhaps a little more standing when Scott saw it, but the castle was a ruin in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The ancient castle was built of the stones of the Roman wall and forts near by. It is in the northern part of England, about three miles west of Gilsland.

DUNMAILRAISE 20

'And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise'

Dunmailraise is the high ground north of Grasmere, over which tourists drive on their way to Keswick. It takes its name from Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

THIRLMERE LAKE 36

'Upon Helvellyn's cliffs sublime.'

Thirlmere lies at the base of the rugged cliffs of Helvellyn, which are seen at the right.

THE RIVER IRTHING 52

'The faithful page he mounts his steed,
And soon he crossed green Irthing's mead.'

The scene is in the northern part of England, near Gilsland, where Scott visited when a young man of twenty-six and where he met Miss Carpenter, the future Lady Scott.

TRIERMAIN CASTLE ROCK 74

'. . . The crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
To a rough fortress bore.'

A road leading to the head of Thirlmere Lake winds through the quiet valley of St. John's beck. Near the entrance to this road is a huge rock, standing out boldly from a green hillside, which, in hazy weather, and from a distance, bears some fancied resemblance to a castle. It is the supposed phantom castle of the poem.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

OR

THE VALE OF ST. JOHN

A LOVER'S TALE

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

In the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent that by these prolusions nothing burlesque or disrespectful to the authors was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them and present it as a separate publication.

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called *romantic poetry;* the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are

the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative, or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellencies of narrative poetry, the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditionary and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question. Δοκεῖ πρῶτος [ὁ Ἀναξαγόρας] (καθά φησι Φαβορῖνος ἐν παντοδαπῇ Ἱστορία) τὴν Ὁμήρου ποίησιν ἀποφήνασθαι εἶναι περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ δικαιοσύνης.[1] But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Ἐναντίλλετο μετὰ τοῦ Μέντεω καὶ ὅπου ἑκάστοτε ἀφίκοιτο, πάντα τὰ ἐπιχώρια διερωτᾶτο, καὶ ἱστορέων ἐπυνθάνετο· εἰκὸς δέ μιν ἦν καὶ μνημόσυνα πάντων γράφεσθαι.[2]

[1] Diogenes Laertius, lib. II. Anaxag. Segm. II.
[2] Homeri Vita, in Herod. *Henr. Steph.* 1570, p. 356.

Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have exhorted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Epopœia;* with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The *ultimum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in *The Guardian*,[1] was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry; and, indeed, if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate of but one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual

[1] *The Guardian*, No. 78. POPE.

soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate, is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the readier and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and, perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful, as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best; which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the *Epée;* and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and everything is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges and battles and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our

bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

OR

THE VALE OF SAINT JOHN

A LOVER'S TALE

INTRODUCTION

I

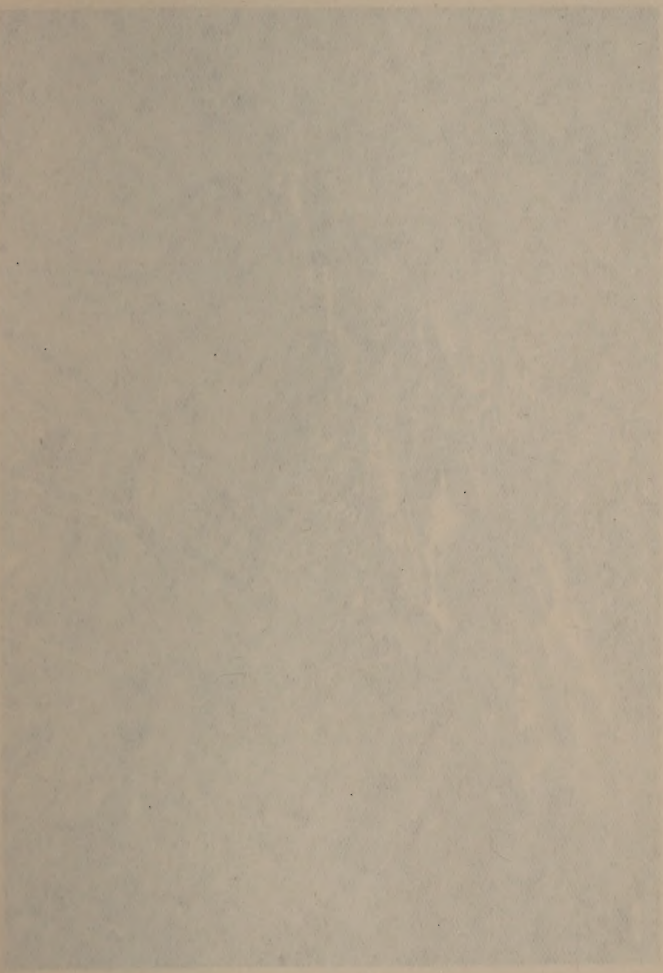
COME, LUCY! while 't is morning hour
The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So ere the sun assume his power
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanished from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a sylvan bridge;
For here compelled to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,
From stone to stone might safely trip,
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength; nor fear
That this same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine. —
So — now, the danger dared at last,
Look back and smile at perils past!

III

And now we reach the favourite glade,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade
To break affection's whispering tone
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Mossed is the stone, the turf is green,



The Woodland Brook

A place where lovers best may meet
  Who would not that their love be seen.
The boughs that dim the summer sky
Shall hide us from each lurking spy
  That fain would spread the invidious tale,
How Lucy of the lofty eye,
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
She for whom lords and barons sigh,
  Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV

How deep that blush! — how deep that sigh!
And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast,
She would not that her Arthur guessed?
O, quicker far is lovers' ken
Than the dull glance of common men,
And by strange sympathy can spell
The thoughts the loved one will not tell!
And mine in Lucy's blush saw met
The hue of pleasure and regret;
  Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,
    And shared with Love the crimson glow,
  Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,
    Yet shamed thine own is placed so low:

Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,
As if to meet the breezes cooling;
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

V

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,
The passing pang of humbled pride;
Too oft when through the splendid hall,
The loadstar of each heart and eye,
My fair one leads the glittering ball,
Will her stolen glance on Arthur fall
With such a blush and such a sigh!
Thou wouldst not yield for wealth or rank
The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank
To meet a rival on a throne:
Why then should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A baron's birth, a menial train,
Since Heaven assigned him for his part
A lyre, a falchion, and a heart?

VI

My sword — its master must be dumb;
But when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart — mid all yon courtly crew
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,
That boasts a pulse so warm as mine?
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare —
Matched with thine eyes, I thought it faded;
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair —
I only saw the locks they braided;
They talked of wealthy dower and land,
And titles of high birth the token —
I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,
Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.
And yet, if ranked in Fortune's roll,
I might have learned their choice unwise
Who rate the dower above the soul
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.

VII

My lyre — it is an idle toy
That borrows accents not its own,
Like warbler of Colombian sky

That sings but in a mimic tone.[1]
Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,
Nor boasts it aught of Border spell;
Its strings no feudal slogan pour,
Its heroes draw no broad claymore;
No shouting clans applauses raise
Because it sung their fathers' praise;
On Scottish moor, or English down,
It ne'er was graced with fair renown;
Nor won — best meed to minstrel true —
One favouring smile from fair BUCCLEUCH!
By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall tell
Of errant knight, and damoselle;
Of the dread knot a wizard tied
In punishment of maiden's pride,
In notes of marvel and of fear
That best may charm romantic ear.

For Lucy loves — like COLLINS,[2] ill-starred name!
Whose lay's requital was that tardy Fame,
Who bound no laurel round his living head,
Should hang it o'er his monument when dead, —

[1] The mockingbird. [2] See Note 1.

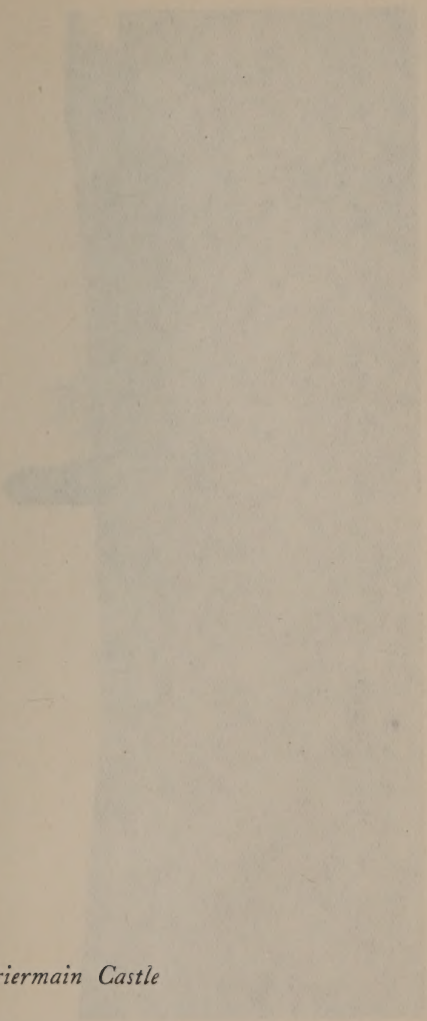
For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,
And thread like him the maze of Fairyland;
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream;
Such lays she loves — and, such my Lucy's choice,
What other song can claim her Poet's voice?

CANTO FIRST

I

WHERE is the maiden of mortal strain
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?[1]
She must be lovely and constant and kind,
Holy and pure and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer and gentle of mood,
Courteous and generous and noble of blood —
Lovely as the sun's first ray
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widowed dove,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave
Where never sunbeam kissed the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;
Courteous as monarch the morn he is crowned,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet —
Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,
That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

[1] See Note 2.



Triermain Castle

II

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
His blood it was fevered, his breathing was deep.
He had been pricking against the Scot,
The foray was long and the skirmish hot;
His dinted helm and his buckler's plight
Bore token of a stubborn fight.
All in the castle must hold them still,
Harpers must lull him to his rest
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.

III

It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog grey
That like a silvery crape was spread
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
And faintly gleamed each painted pane
Of the lordly halls of Triermain,
When that baron bold awoke.
Starting he woke and loudly did call,
Rousing his menials in bower and hall
While hastily he spoke.

IV

'Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all
Touched his harp with that dying fall,
So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seemed an angel's whispered call
To an expiring saint?
And hearken, my merry-men! What time or where
Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly brow,
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel air,
And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
That passed from my bower e'en now!'

V

Answered him Richard de Bretville; he
Was chief of the baron's minstrelsy, —
'Silent, noble chieftain, we
Have sat since midnight close,
When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings
Murmured from our melting strings,
And hushed you to repose.
Had a harp-note sounded here,
It had caught my watchful ear,
Although it fell as faint and shy
As bashful maiden's half-formed sigh
When she thinks her lover near.'

Answered Philip of Fasthwaite tall;
He kept guard in the outer-hall, —
'Since at eve our watch took post,
Not a foot has thy portal crossed;
Else had I heard the steps, though low
And light they fell as when earth receives
In morn of frost the withered leaves
That drop when no winds blow.'

VI

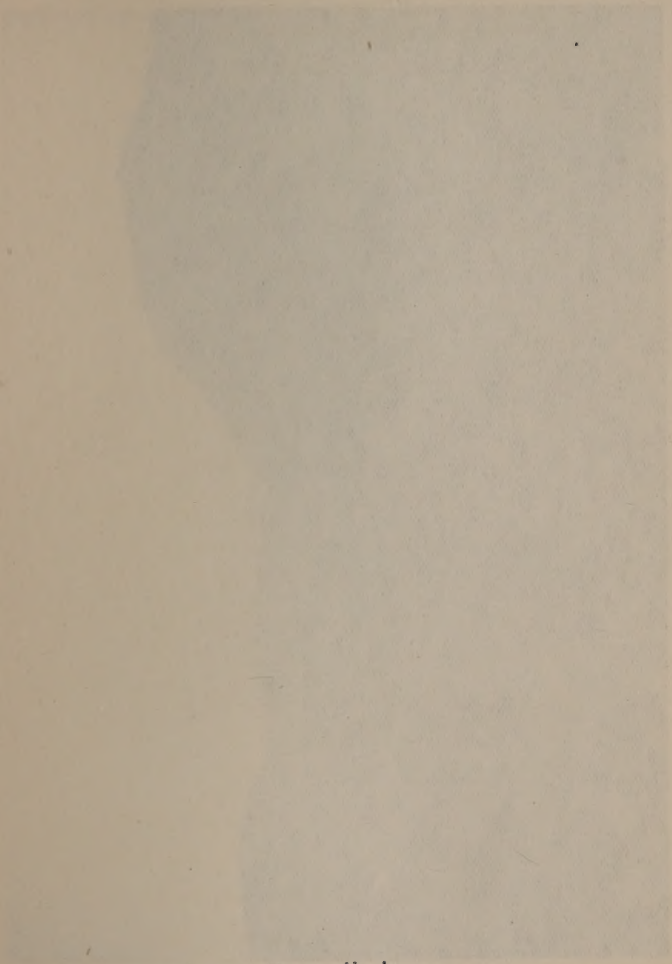
'Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
When that dark castle, tower, and spire,
Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
And reddened all the Nine-stane Hill,
And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke
Through devouring flame and smothering smoke,
Made the warrior's heart-blood chill.
The trustiest thou of all my train,
My fleetest courser thou must rein,
And ride to Lyulph's tower,
And from the Baron of Triermain
Greet well that sage of power.
He is sprung from Druid sires
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,

And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.[1]
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Hellvellyn's cliffs sublime;
Sign and sigil well doth he know,
And can bode of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars.
He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 't was but an airy thing
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow's varying dyes
Or fading tints of western skies.
For, by the blessed rood I swear,
If that fair form breathe vital air,
No other maiden by my side
Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!'

VII

The faithful page he mounts his steed,
And soon he crossed green Irthing's mead,
Dashed o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barred his course in vain.
He passed red Penrith's Table Round,[2]

[1] See Note 3. [2] See Note 4.



Dunmailraise

For feats of chivalry renowned,
Left Mayburgh's mound [1] and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour,
And traced the Eamont's winding way
Till Ulfo's lake beneath him lay.

VIII

Onward he rode, the pathway still
Winding betwixt the lake and hill;
Till, on the fragment of a rock
Struck from its base by lightning shock,
He saw the hoary sage:
The silver moss and lichen twined,
With fern and deer-hair checked and lined,
A cushion fit for age;
And o'er him shook the aspen-tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selle
And greeted Lyulph grave,
And then his master's tale did tell,
And then for counsel crave.
The man of years mused long and deep,
Of time's lost treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
His solemn answer gave.

[1] See Note 5.

IX

'That maid is born of middle earth
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth
Five hundred years and one.
But where's the knight in all the north
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth,
In the valley of Saint John?
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale by bard and sage
Is handed down from Merlin's age.'

X

LYULPH'S TALE

'King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle
When Pentecost was o'er:
He journeyed like errant-knight the while
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun
Cast umbered radiance red and dun,

Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,[1]
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant king he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill;
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Joined the rude river that brawled on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen.
The monarch judged this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement planned.

XI

'O, rather he chose, that monarch bold,
On venturous quest to ride
In plate and mail by wood and wold
Than, with ermine trapped and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to bide;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shivered against his mail,
Was merrier music to his ear

[1] See Note 6.

Than courtier's whispered tale:
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To the monarch's praise
That the harpers of Reged sung.
He loved better to rest by wood or river
Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
For he left that lady so lovely of cheer
To follow adventures of danger and fear;
And the frank-hearted monarch full little did wot
That she smiled in his absence on brave Lancelot.

XII

'He rode till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell;
And though around the mountain's head
Flowed streams of purple and gold and red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frowned the black rocks and roared the stream.
With toil the king his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of Saint John,
Down sloping to the western sky
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,

The king drew up his charger's rein;
With gauntlet raised he screened his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And from beneath his glove of mail
Scanned at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleamed ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII

'Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But midmost of the vale a mound
Arose with airy turrets crowned,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seemed some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had planned,
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clenched, and barred,
And pronged portcullis, joined to guard

The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banners crowned,
Upon the watchtower's airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,
No guard beside the bridge was found,
And where the Gothic gateway frowned
Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV

'Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream,
The owlet now began to scream
In concert with the rushing stream
That washed the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead;
And slowly he climbed the narrow way
That reached the entrance grim and grey,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle-horn prepared to blow
In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal keep,
Which well he guessed the hold

Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV

'The ivory bugle's golden tip
Twice touched the monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew. —
Think not but Arthur's heart was good!
His shield was crossed by the blessed rood:
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charged them through and through;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its larum rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone;
The balance-beams obeyed the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay
With nought to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced with hand
On Caliburn's [1] resistless brand.

[1] See Note 7.

XVI

'A hundred torches flashing bright
Dispelled at once the gloomy night
That loured along the walls,
And showed the king's astonished sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,
Nor heathen knight, was there;
But the cressets which odours flung aloft
Showed by their yellow light and soft
A band of damsels fair.
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o'er and o'er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
And busy laboured to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapped him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair;
His short curled ringlets one smoothed down,
One wreathed them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding-day
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII

'Loud laughed they all, — the king in vain
With questions tasked the giddy train;
Let him entreat or crave or call,
'T was one reply — loud laughed they all.
Then o'er him mimic chains they fling
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring;
While some their gentle force unite
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some bolder urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintagel's spear; [1]
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragged Caliburn in cumbrous length;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride;
Then screamed 'twixt laughter and surprise
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout and triumph-song
Thus gayly marched the giddy throng.

[1] See Note 8.

XVIII

'Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band —
The lovely maid was scarce eighteen —
Raised with imposing air her hand,
And reverent silence did command
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute. — But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
Bewildered with surprise,
Their smothered mirth again 'gan speak
In archly dimpled chin and cheek
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX

'The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soared beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover's dream.

Yet e'en in that romantic age
Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage
With glittering train of maid and page
Advanced the castle's queen!
While up the hall she slowly passed,
Her dark eye on the king she cast
That flashed expression strong;
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced king could brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whispered, "Prince, beware!
From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that lovely snare!"

XX

'At once, that inward strife suppressed,
The dame approached her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art

As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then to his goodness 'gan to crave
  Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
  And dignity their due;
And then she prayed that he would rest
That night her castle's honoured guest.
The monarch meetly thanks expressed;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
  Apace the evening flew.

XXI

'The lady sate the monarch by,
Now in her turn abashed and shy,
And with indifference seemed to hear
The toys he whispered in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there
That showed an over-cautious care
  Some inward thought to hide;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft checked the soft voluptuous sigh

That heaved her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow
From the mist of morning sky;
And so the wily monarch guessed
That this assumed restraint expressed
More ardent passions in the breast
Than ventured to the eye.
Closer he pressed while beakers rang,
While maidens laughed and minstrels sang,
Still closer to her ear —
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,
Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide
And folly into sin!'

CANTO SECOND

LYULPH'S TALE CONTINUED

I

'ANOTHER day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower;
The horn that foemen wont to fear
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

II

'Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away.
Heroic plans in pleasure drowned,
He thinks not of the Table Round;
In lawless love dissolved his life,
He thinks not of his beauteous wife:
Better he loves to snatch a flower
From bosom of his paramour
Than from a Saxon knight to wrest

The honours of his heathen crest;
Better to wreathe mid tresses brown
The heron's plume her hawk struck down
Than o'er the altar give to flow
The banners of a Paynim foe.
Thus week by week and day by day
His life inglorious glides away;
But she that soothes his dream with fear
Beholds his hour of waking near.

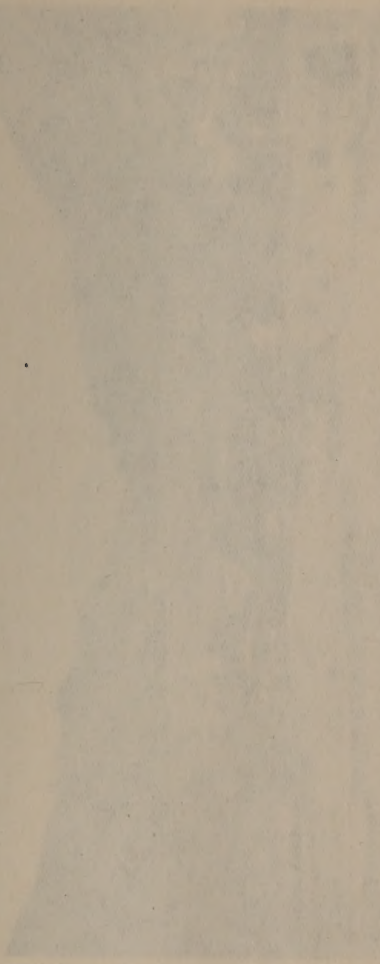
III

'Much force have mortal charms to stay
Our pace in Virtue's toilsome way;
But Guendolen's might far outshine
Each maid of merely mortal line.
Her mother was of human birth,
Her sire a Genie of the earth,
In days of old deemed to preside
O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,
By youths and virgins worshipped long
With festive dance and choral song,
Till, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.
Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,
The downfall of his rights he rued,
And born of his resentment heir,
He trained to guile that lady fair,

To sink in slothful sin and shame
The champions of the Christian name.
Well skilled to keep vain thoughts alive,
And all to promise, nought to give,
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gained no more.
As wildered children leave their home
After the rainbow's arch to roam,
Her lovers bartered fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

IV

'Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame
She practised thus — till Arthur came;
Then frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claimed her heart.
Forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,
Too late must Guendolen deplore,
He that has all can hope no more!
Now must she see her lover strain
At every turn her feeble chain,
Watch to new-bind each knot and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,



Thirlmere Lake

The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
Now more than mortal wise and then
In female softness sunk again;
Now raptured with each wish complying,
With feigned reluctance now denying;
Each charm she varied to retain
A varying heart — and all in vain!

V

'Thus in the garden's narrow bound
Flanked by some castle's Gothic round,
Fain would the artist's skill provide
The limits of his realms to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay
And linger on the lovely way —
Vain art! vain hope! 't is fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall!
And, sick of flower and trim-dressed tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI

'Three summer months had scantly flown
When Arthur in embarrassed tone
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said all too long had been his stay,
And duties which a monarch sway,
Duties unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.
She listened silently the while,
Her mood expressed in bitter smile
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail
And oft resume the unfinished tale,
Confessing by his downcast eye
The wrong he sought to justify.
He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
And then her looks to heaven she raised;
One palm her temples veiled to hide
The tear that sprung in spite of pride;
The other for an instant pressed
The foldings of her silken vest!

VII

'At her reproachful sign and look,
The hint the monarch's conscience took.
Eager he spoke — "No, lady, no!
Deem not of British Arthur so,

Nor think he can deserter prove
To the dear pledge of mutual love.
I swear by sceptre and by sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That if a boy shall claim my care,
That boy is born a kingdom's heir;
But, if a maiden Fate allows,
To choose that mate a fitting spouse,
A summer-day in lists shall strive
My knights — the bravest knights alive —
And he, the best and bravest tried,
Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride."
He spoke with voice resolved and high —
The lady deigned him not reply.

VIII

'At dawn of morn ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make
Or stirred his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray,
Ere yet a sunbeam through the mist
The castle-battlements had kissed,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doffed his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,

And joyful neighed beneath his load.
The monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonished ken
Appeared the form of Guendolen.

IX

'Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood:
Sandalled her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle-plumage decked her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
"Thou goest!" she said, "and ne'er again
Must we two meet in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish — yet wilt thou stay?
No! thou look'st forward. Still attend, —
Part we like lover and like friend."
She raised the cup — "Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we at parting in the draught
Which Genii love!" — she said and quaffed;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flushed cheek and sparkling eye.

X

'The courteous monarch bent him low
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup in act to drink.
A drop escaped the goblet's brink —
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.
Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright —
The peasant still can show the dint
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint. —
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew [1]
That burned and blighted where it fell!
The frantic steed rushed up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed
Until he gained the hill;
Then breath and sinew failed apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,
He stood exhausted, still.
The monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal castle gazed —
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky; [2]

[1] See Note 9. [2] See Note 10.

But on the spot where once they frowned
The lonely streamlet brawled around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The king wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares that cumber royal sway
Wore memory of the past away.

XI

'Full fifteen years and more were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
Twelve bloody fields with glory fought
The Saxons to subjection brought:[1]
Rython, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
And Roman Lucius, owned his might;
And wide were through the world renowned
The glories of his Table Round.
Each knight who sought adventurous fame
To the bold court of Britain came,
And all who suffered causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud or faitour strong,
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
Nor there for aid implored in vain.

[1] See Note 11.

XII

'For this the king with pomp and pride
Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,
And summoned prince and peer,
All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succour to demand,
To come from far and near.
At such high tide were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came
In lists to break a spear;
And not a knight of Arthur's host,
Save that he trode some foreign coast,
But at this feast of Pentecost
Before him must appear.
Ah, minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose with all its warriors crowned,
There was a theme for bards to sound
In triumph to their string!
Five hundred years are past and gone,
But time shall draw his dying groan
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring!

XIII

'The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon or Camelot,
Or Carlisle fair and free.
At Penrith now the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont's vale were met
The flower of chivalry.
There Galaad sate with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;
There Morolt of the iron mace,[1]
And love-lorn Tristrem there;
And Dinadam with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lance,
And Mordred with his look askance,
Brunor and Bedivere.
Why should I tell of numbers more?
Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
Sir Carodac the keen,
The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
And Lancelot, that evermore
Looked stolen-wise on the queen.[2]

XIV

'When wine and mirth did most abound
And harpers played their blithest round,

[1] See Note 12. [2] See Note 13.

A shrilly trumpet shook the ground
And marshals cleared the ring;
A maiden on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle to alight
And kneel before the king.
Arthur with strong emotion saw
Her graceful boldness checked by awe,
Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldric trapped with gold,
Her sandalled feet, her ankles bare,
And the eagle-plume that decked her hair.
Graceful her veil she backward flung —
The king, as from his seat he sprung,
Almost cried, "Guendolen!"
But 't was a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled
Than of the race of men;
And in the forehead's haughty grace
The lines of Britain's royal race,
Pendragon's you might ken.

XV

'Faltering, yet gracefully she said —
"Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother's name,

A father's vowed protection claim!
The vow was sworn in desert lone
In the deep valley of Saint John."
At once the king the suppliant raised,
And kissed her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipped, —
Then conscious glanced upon his queen:
But she, unruffled at the scene
Of human frailty construed mild,
Looked upon Lancelot and smiled.

XVI

"'Up! up! each knight of gallant crest
Take buckler, spear, and brand!
He that to-day shall bear him best
Shall win my Gyneth's hand.
And Arthur's daughter when a bride
Shall bring a noble dower,
Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
And Carlisle town and tower."
Then might you hear each valiant knight
To page and squire that cried,
"Bring my armour bright and my courser wight;
'T is not each day that a warrior's might
May win a royal bride."
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance

In haste aside they fling;
The helmets glance and gleams the lance,
And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
Small care had they of their peaceful array,
They might gather it that wolde;
For brake and bramble glittered gay
With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII

'Within trumpet sound of the Table Round,
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize, —
They all arise but three.
Nor love's fond troth nor wedlock's oath
One gallant could withhold,
For priests will allow of a broken vow
For penance or for gold.
But sigh and glance from ladies bright
Among the troop were thrown,
To plead their right and true-love plight,
And plain of honour flown.
The knights they busied them so fast
With buckling spur and belt
That sigh and look by ladies cast
Were neither seen nor felt.
From pleading or upbraiding glance
Each gallant turns aside,

And only thought, "If speeds my lance,
A queen becomes my bride!
She has fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
And Carlisle tower and town;
She is the loveliest maid, beside,
That ever heired a crown."
So in haste their coursers they bestride
And strike their visors down.

XVIII

'The champions, armed in martial sort,
Have thronged into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur's court
Are from the tourney missed.
And still these lovers' fame survives
For faith so constant shown, —
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
And one who loved his own.[1]
The first was Lancelot de Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Carodac,
Who won the cup of gold
What time, of all King Arthur's crew —
Thereof came jeer and laugh —
He, as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.

[1] See Note 14.

Though envy's tongue would fain surmise
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac to fight that prize[1]
Had given both cup and dame,
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,
He shall be free from mine.

XIX

'Now caracoled the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wantoned fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw with startled eye
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew;
To her his leading-staff resigned,
But added caution grave and kind.

[1] See Note 15.

XX

'"Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
I bid the trump for tourney sound.
Take thou my warder as the queen
And umpire of the martial scene;
But mark thou this: — as Beauty bright
Is polar star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws,
His fairest guerdon her applause,
So gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task;
And Beauty's eyes should ever be
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
And Beauty's breath should whisper peace
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this lest all too far
These knights urge tourney into war.
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
And fairly counter blow for blow; —
No striplings these, who succour need
For a razed helm or falling steed.
But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm
And threatens death or deadly harm,
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
Thou drop the warder from thy hands.
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,

Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate;
Nor be it said through Gyneth's pride
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died."

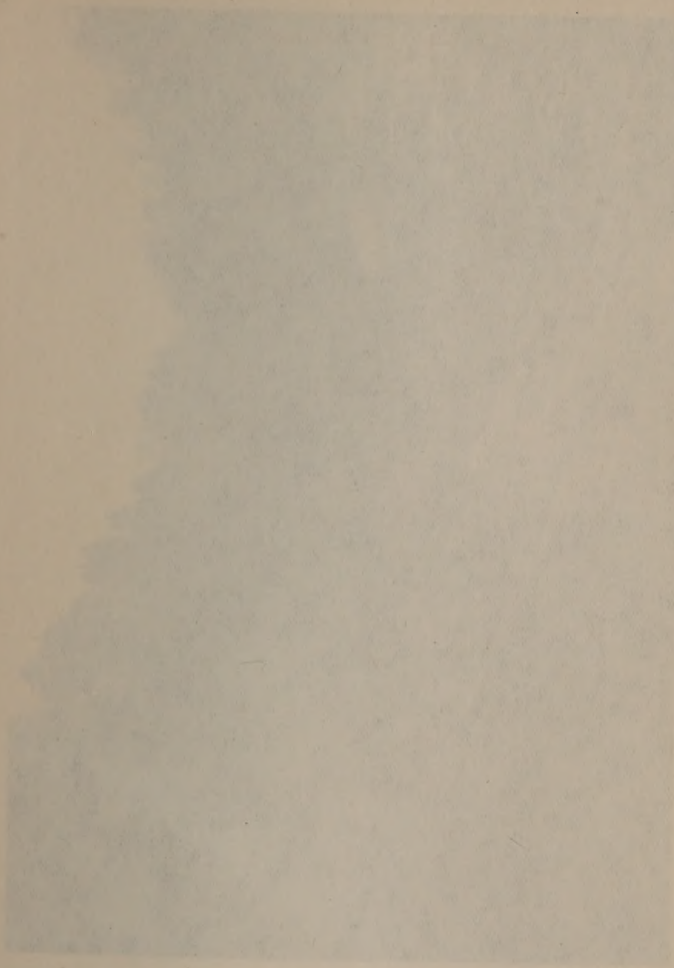
XXI

'A proud and discontented glow
O'ershadowed Gyneth's brow of snow;
She put the warder by: —
"Reserve thy boon, my liege," she said,
"Thus chaffered down and limited,
Debased and narrowed for a maid
Of less degree than I.
No petty chief but holds his heir
At a more honoured price and rare
Than Britain's King holds me!
Although the sun-burned maid for dower
Has but her father's rugged tower,
His barren hill and lee.
King Arthur swore, by crown and sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That a whole summer's day should strive
His knights, the bravest knights alive!
Recall thine oath! and to her glen
Poor Gyneth can return agen;
Not on thy daughter will the stain
That soils thy sword and crown remain.
But think not she will e'er be bride

Save to the bravest proved and tried;
Pendragon's daughter will not fear
For clashing sword or splintered spear,
  Nor shrink though blood should flow;
And all too well sad Guendolen
Hath taught the faithlessness of men
That child of hers should pity when
  Their meed they undergo."

XXII

'He frowned and sighed, the monarch bold: —
"I give — what I may not withhold;
For, not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.
Too late I mark thy mother's art
Hath taught thee this relentless part.
I blame her not, for she had wrong,
But not to these my faults belong.
Use then the warder as thou wilt;
But trust me that, if life be spilt,
In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place."
With that he turned his head aside,
Nor brooked to gaze upon her pride,
As with the truncheon raised she sate
The arbitress of mortal fate;



The River Irthing

Nor brooked to mark in ranks disposed
How the bold champions stood opposed,
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear like passing bell!
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain's hero turn away.

XXIII

'But Gyneth heard the clangour high
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
O, blame her not! the blood was hers
That at the trumpet's summons stirs! —
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry
  Awhile untroubled view;
So well accomplished was each knight
To strike and to defend in fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight
  While plate and mail held true.
The lists with painted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breastplate bloodless shone,
It seemed their feathered crests alone
  Should this encounter rue.
And ever, as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,

Heard while the gale of April blows
The merry greenwood through.

XXIV

'But soon to earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And, horse and man, to ground there came
Knights who shall rise no more!
Gone was the pride the war that graced,
Gay shields were cleft and crests defaced,
And steel coats riven and helms unbraced,
And pennons streamed with gore.
Gone too were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,
And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell;
And now the trumpet's clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream
Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulfing stream,
The sinking seaman's knell!

XXV

'Seemed in this dismal hour that Fate
Would Camlan's ruin antedate,
And spare dark Mordred's crime;

Already gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
  Of chivalry the prime.
Arthur in anguish tore away
From head and beard his tresses grey,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay
  And quaked with ruth and fear;
But still she deemed her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter staid,
  And chid the rising tear.
Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
  And many a champion more;
Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
  Lies gasping in his gore.
Vanoc, by mighty Morolt pressed
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vanoc of the beardless face —
Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race —
O'erpowered at Gyneth's footstool bled,
His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.
But then the sky was overcast,
Then howled at once a whirlwind's blast,
  And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawned in mid lists the quaking earth,

And from the gulf — tremendous birth! —
The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI

'Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,
And sternly raised his hand: —
"Madmen," he said, "your strife forbear!
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear
The doom thy fates demand!
Long shall close in stony sleep
Eyes for ruth that would not weep;
Iron lethargy shall seal
Heart that pity scorned to feel.
Yet, because thy mother's art
Warped thine unsuspicious heart,
And for love of Arthur's race,
Punishment is blent with grace,
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone
In the Valley of Saint John,
And this weird shall overtake thee;
Sleep until a knight shall wake thee,
For feats of arms as far renowned
As warrior of the Table Round.
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number

All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
When the Red Cross champions died."

XXVII

'As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
Slumber's load begins to lie;
Fear and anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive.
Twice with effort and with pause
O'er her brow her hand she draws;
Twice her strength in vain she tries
From the fatal chair to rise;
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
Vanoc's death must now be wroken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eves
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread
Bursting gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seemed she there,
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire, repenting,

Craved stern Merlin for relenting,
And the champions for her sake
Would again the contest wake;
Till in necromantic night
Gyneth vanished from their sight.

XXVIII

'Still she bears her weird alone
In the Valley of Saint John;
And her semblance oft will seem,
Mingling in a champion's dream,
Of her weary lot to plain
And crave his aid to burst her chain.
While her wondrous tale was new
Warriors to her rescue drew,
East and west, and south and north,
From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,
Tower nor castle could they ken;
Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye, descried.
Fast and vigil must be borne,
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Can discern those magic towers.
Of the persevering few
Some from hopeless task withdrew

When they read the dismal threat
Graved upon the gloomy gate.
Few have braved the yawning door,
And those few returned no more.
In the lapse of time forgot,
Well nigh lost is Gyneth's lot;
Sound her sleep as in the tomb
Till wakened by the trump of doom.'

END OF LYULPH'S TALE

I

HERE pause, my tale; for all too soon,
My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
Already from thy lofty dome
Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
And each, to kill the goodly day
That God has granted them, his way
Of lazy sauntering has sought;
Lordlings and witlings not a few,
Incapable of doing aught,
Yet ill at ease with nought to do.
Here is no longer place for me;
For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see
Some phantom fashionably thin,
With limb of lath and kerchiefed chin,
And lounging gape or sneering grin,
Steal sudden on our privacy.

And how should I, so humbly born,
Endure the graceful spectre's scorn?
Faith! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
Of English oak is hard at hand.

II

Or grant the hour be all too soon
For Hessian boot and pantaloon,
And grant the lounger seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravelled maze,
Laud we the gods that Fashion's train
Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.
Artists are hers who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art,
Damning whate'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvas three feet square.
This thicket, for their *gumption* fit,
May furnish such a happy *bit.*
Bards too are hers, wont to recite
Their own sweet lays by waxen light,
Half in the salver's tingle drowned,
While the *chasse-café* glides around;
And such may hither secret stray
To labor an extempore:
Or sportsman with his boisterous hollo

May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bower for tiring-room;
And we alike must shun regard
From painter, player, sportsman, bard.
Insects that skim in Fashion's sky,
Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,
Lucy, have all alarms for us,
For all can hum and all can buzz.

III

But O, my Lucy, say how long
We still must dread this trifling throng,
And stoop to hide with coward art
The genuine feelings of the heart!
No parents thine whose just command
Should rule their child's obedient hand;
Thy guardians with contending voice
Press each his individual choice.
And which is Lucy's? — Can it be
That puny fop, trimmed cap-a-pee,
Who loves in the saloon to show
The arms that never knew a foe;
Whose sabre trails along the ground,
Whose legs in shapeless boots are drowned;
A new Achilles, sure — the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;

One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
  Who comes in foreign trashery
    Of tinkling chain and spur,
  A walking haberdashery
    Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner of modern days?

IV

  Or is it he, the wordy youth,
    So early trained for statesman's part,
  Who talks of honour, faith and truth,
    As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls 'order,' and 'divides the house,'
Who 'craves permission to reply,'
Whose 'noble friend is in his eye';
Whose loving tender some have reckoned
A *motion* you should gladly *second?*

V

What, neither? Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains preferred? —
O why, my Lucy, turn aside
With that quick glance of injured pride?
Forgive me, love, I cannot bear
That altered and resentful air.
Were all the wealth of Russell mine
And all the rank of Howard's line,
All would I give for leave to dry
That dew-drop trembling in thine eye.
Think not I fear such fops can wile
From Lucy more than careless smile;
But yet if wealth and high degree
Give gilded counters currency,
Must I not fear when rank and birth
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?
Nobles there are whose martial fires
Rival the fame that raised their sires,
And patriots, skilled through storms of fate
To guide and guard the reeling state.
Such, such there are — If such should come,
Arthur must tremble and be dumb,
Self-exiled seek some distant shore,
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI

What sight, what signal of alarm,
That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?
Or is it that the rugged way
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?
O, no! for on the vale and brake
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,
And this trim sward of velvet green
Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.
That pressure slight was but to tell
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And fain would banish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one resistless spell —
Say, wilt thou guess or must I tell?
'T were hard to name in minstrel phrase
A landaulet and four blood-bays,
But bards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern land.
'T is there — nay, draw not back thy hand! —
'T is there this slender finger round
Must golden amulet be bound,

Which, blessed with many a holy prayer,
Can change to rapture lovers' care,
And doubt and jealousy shall die,
And fears give place to ecstasy.

VIII

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has been thy lover's tale and song.
O, why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And will not Lucy deign to say
  One word her friend to bless?
I ask but one — a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound —
  O, let the word be YES!

CANTO THIRD

INTRODUCTION

I

LONG loved, long wooed, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own!
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
Recall our favourite haunts agen?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
As the rough warrior's brow may bear
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host
That this wild pass on foot be crossed,
While round Ben-Cruach's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chase.
The keen old carle, with Scottish pride
He praised his glen and mountains wide;
An eye he bears for Nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind;
For nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,

But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish [1] the Celtic sound,
His bonnet doffed and bow applied
His legend to my bonny bride;
While Lucy blushed beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

II

Enough of him. — Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.
On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps and all the vision's air:
Even so on yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky;
The summer-clouds so plain we note
That we might count each dappled spot:
We gaze and we admire, yet know
The scene is all delusive show.
Such dreams of bliss would Arthur draw

[1] The Vale of the Bridal.

When first his Lucy's form he saw,
Yet sighed and sickened as he drew,
Despairing they could e'er prove true!

III

But, Lucy, turn thee now to view
  Up the fair glen our destined way:
The fairy path that we pursue,
Distinguished but by greener hue,
  Winds round the purple brae,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpet serve or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap
In threads of silver down the steep
  To swell the brooklet's moan!
Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves
Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
  So lovely and so lone.
There's no illusion there; these flowers,
That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
  Are, Lucy, all our own;
And, since thine Arthur called thee wife,
Such seems the prospect of his life,
A lovely path on-winding still
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.

'T is true that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap or be it harm,
We tread the pathway arm in arm.

IV

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
I could thy bidding twice deny,
When twice you prayed I would again
Resume the legendary strain
Of the bold knight of Triermain?
At length yon peevish vow you swore
That you would sue to me no more,
Until the minstrel fit drew near
And made me prize a listening ear.
But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
Continuance of the knightly lay,
Was it not on the happy day
  That made thy hand mine own?
When, dizzied with mine ecstasy,
Nought past, or present, or to be,
Could I or think on, hear, or see,
  Save, Lucy, thee alone!
A giddy draught my rapture was
As ever chemist's magic gas.

V

Again the summons I denied
In yon fair capital of Clyde:
My harp — or let me rather choose
The good old classic form — my Muse —
For harp's an over-scutchèd phrase,
Worn out by bards of modern days —
My Muse, then — seldom will she wake,
Save by dim wood and silent lake;
She is the wild and rustic maid
Whose foot unsandalled loves to tread
Where the soft greensward is inlaid
With varied moss and thyme;
And, lest the simple lily-braid,
That coronets her temples, fade,
She hides her still in greenwood shade
To meditate her rhyme.

VI

And now she comes! The murmur dear
Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
The glade hath won her eye;
She longs to join with each blithe rill
That dances down the Highland hill
Her blither melody.

And now my Lucy's way to cheer
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
How closed the tale my love whilere
  Loved for its chivalry.
List how she tells in notes of flame
'Child Roland to the dark tower came!'

CANTO THIRD

I

Bewcastle now must keep the hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plundered flocks
The Borderers bootless may complain;
They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord on high adventure bound
Hath wandered forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the valley of Saint John.

II

When first began his vigil bold
The moon twelve summer nights was old
And shone both fair and full;

High in the vault of cloudless blue,
O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw
  Her light composed and cool.
Stretched on the brown hill's heathy breast,
  Sir Roland eyed the vale;
Chief where, distinguished from the rest,
Those clustering rocks upreared their crest,
The dwelling of the fair distressed,
  As told grey Lyulph's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright
  In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckler's boss
That lay beside him on the moss
  As on a crystal well.

III

Ever he watched and oft he deemed,
While on the mound the moonlight streamed,
  It altered to his eyes;
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttressed walls their shapeless range,
Fain think by transmutation strange
  He saw grey turrets rise.
But scarce his heart with hope throbbed high
Before the wild illusions fly
  Which fancy had conceived,

Abetted by an anxious eye,
That longed to be deceived.
It was a fond deception all,
Such as in solitary hall
Beguiles the musing eye
When, gazing on the sinking fire,
Bulwark, and battlement, and spire
In the red gulf we spy.
For, seen by moon of middle night,
Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
Or by the dawn of morning light,
Or evening's western flame,
In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in showe ,
The rocks remained the same.

IV

Oft has he traced the charmèd mound,
Oft climbed its crest or paced it round,
Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
To a rough fortress bore.
Yet still his watch the warrior keeps,
Feeds hard and spare, and seldom sleeps,
And drinks but of the well;

Triermain Castle Rock

Ever by day he walks the hill,
And when the evening gale is chill
  He seeks a rocky cell,
Like hermit poor to bid his bead,
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every saint at need
  For aid to burst his spell.

V

And now the moon her orb has hid
And dwindled to a silver thread,
  Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast
Before the fury of the blast
  The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoln the rills
  And down the torrents came;
Muttered the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
  A sheet of lightning flame.
De Vaux within his mountain cave —
No human step the storm durst brave —
To moody meditation gave
  Each faculty of soul,
Till, lulled by distant torrent sound
And the sad winds that whistled round,

Upon his thoughts in musing drowned
A broken slumber stole.

VI

'T was then was heard a heavy sound —
Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,
'Mongst desert hills where leagues around
Dwelt but the gorcock and the deer.
As, starting from his couch of fern,
Again he heard in clangour stern
That deep and solemn swell,
Twelve times in measured tone it spoke,
Like some proud minster's pealing clock
Or city's larum-bell.
What thought was Roland's first when fell
In that deep wilderness the knell
Upon his startled ear?
To slander warrior were I loath,
Yet must I hold my minstrel troth —
It was a thought of fear.

VII

But lively was the mingled thrill
That chased that momentary chill,
For Love's keen wish was there,
And eager Hope, and Valour high,

And the proud glow of Chivalry
That burned to do and dare.
Forth from the cave the warrior rushed,
Long ere the mountain-voice was hushed
That answered to the knell;
For long and far the unwonted sound,
Eddying in echoes round and round,
Was tossed from fell to fell;
And Glaramara answer flung,
And Grisdale-pike responsive rung,
And Legbert heights their echoes swung
As far as Derwent's dell.

VIII

Forth upon trackless darkness gazed
The knight, bedeafened and amazed,
Till all was hushed and still,
Save the swoln torrent's sullen roar,
And the night-blast that wildly bore
Its course along the hill.
Then on the northern sky there came
A light as of reflected flame,
And over Legbert-head,
As if by magic art controlled,
A mighty meteor slowly rolled
Its orb of fiery red;
Thou wouldst have thought some demon dire

Came mounted on that car of fire
To do his errand dread.
Far on the sloping valley's course,
On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,
Shingle and Scrae, and Fell and Force,
A dusky light arose:
Displayed, yet altered was the scene;
Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,
Even the gay thicket's summer green,
In bloody tincture glows.

IX

De Vaux had marked the sunbeams set
At eve upon the coronet
Of that enchanted mound,
And seen but crags at random flung,
That, o'er the brawling torrent hung,
In desolation frowned.
What sees he by that meteor's lour? —
A bannered castle, keep, and tower
Return the lurid gleam,
With battled walls and buttress fast,
And barbican and ballium vast,
And airy flanking towers that cast
Their shadows on the stream.
'T is no deceit! distinctly clear
Crenell and parapet appear,

While o'er the pile that meteor drear
Makes momentary pause;
Then forth its solemn path it drew,
And fainter yet and fainter grew
Those gloomy towers upon the view,
As its wild light withdraws.

X

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,
O'er crag and stream, through brier and bush;
Yet far he had not sped
Ere sunk was that portentous light
Behind the hills and utter night
Was on the valley spread.
He paused perforce and blew his horn,
And, on the mountain-echoes borne,
Was heard an answering sound,
A wild and lonely trumpet note, —
In middle air it seemed to float
High o'er the battled mound;
And sounds were heard as when a guard
Of some proud castle, holding ward,
Pace forth their nightly round.
The valiant Knight of Triermain
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
But answer came there none;
And mid the mingled wind and rain

Darkling he sought the vale in vain,
Until the dawning shone;
And when it dawned that wondrous sight
Distinctly seen by meteor light,
It all had passed away!
And that enchanted mount once more
A pile of granite fragments bore
As at the close of day.

XI

Steeled for the deed, De Vaux's heart
Scorned from his vent'rous quest to part
He walks the vale once more;
But only sees by night or day
That shattered pile of rocks so grey,
Hears but the torrent's roar:
Till when, through hills of azure borne,
The moon renewed her silver horn,
Just at the time her waning ray
Had faded in the dawning day,
A summer mist arose;
Adown the vale the vapours float,
And cloudy undulations moat
That tufted mound of mystic note,
As round its base they close.
And higher now the fleecy tide
Ascends its stern and shaggy side,

Until the airy billows hide
The rock's majestic isle;
It seemed a veil of filmy lawn,
By some fantastic fairy drawn
Around enchanted pile.

XII

The breeze came softly down the brook,
And, sighing as it blew,
The veil of silver mist it shook
And to De Vaux's eager look
Renewed that wondrous view.
For, though the loitering vapour braved
The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
Its mantle's dewy fold;
And still when shook that filmy screen
Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
And Gothic battlements between
Their gloomy length unrolled.
Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
Once more the fleeting vision die!—
The gallant knight 'gan speed
As prompt and light as, when the hound
Is opening and the horn is wound,
Careers the hunter's steed.
Down the steep dell his course amain
Hath rivalled archer's shaft;

But ere the mound he could attain
The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And, mocking loud his labor vain,
The mountain spirits laughed.
Far up the echoing dell was borne
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

XIII

Wroth waxed the warrior. — 'Am I then
Fooled by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind whose homeward way
Is haunted by malicious fay?
Is Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn? False fiends, avaunt!'
A weighty curtal-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurled with main force the weapon's shock
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.
If by mere strength, 't were hard to tell,
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,
But down the headlong ruin came

With cloud of dust and flash of flame.
Down bank, o'er bush, its course was borne,
Crushed lay the copse, the earth was torn,
Till staid at length the ruin dread
Cumbered the torrent's rocky bed,
And bade the waters' high-swoln tide
Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV

When ceased that thunder Triermain
Surveyed the mound's rude front again;
And lo! the ruin had laid bare,
Hewn in the stone, a winding stair
Whose mossed and fractured steps might lend
The means the summit to ascend;
And by whose aid the brave De Vaux
Began to scale these magic rocks,
  And soon a platform won
Where, the wild witchery to close,
Within three lances' length arose
  The Castle of Saint John!
No misty phantom of the air,
No meteor-blazoned show was there;
In morning splendour full and fair
  The massive fortress shone.

XV

Embattled high and proudly towered,
Shaded by ponderous flankers, lowered
The portal's gloomy way.
Though for six hundred years and more
Its strength had brooked the tempest's roar,
The scutcheoned emblems which it bore
Had suffered no decay:
But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And, down in recent ruin rent,
In the mid torrent lay.
Else, o'er the castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time
Unfelt had passed away.
In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore:

XVI

INSCRIPTION

'Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumbered way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.

Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric planned;
Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth raised keep and tower.
View it o'er and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more! To cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate;
Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er — and turn again.'

XVII

'That would I,' said the warrior bold,
'If that my frame were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropped slow and cold
As icicle in thaw;
But while my heart can feel it dance
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe!'
He said; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand and straight gave way,
And with rude crash and jarring bray
The rusty bolts withdraw;
But o'er the threshold as he strode
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm with force amain

The ponderous gate flung close again,
And rusted bolt and bar
Spontaneous took their place once more
While the deep arch with sullen roar
Returned their surly jar.
'Now closed is the gin and the prey within,
By the Rood of Lanercost!
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin
May rue him of his boast.'
Thus muttering on the warrior went
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII

Unbarred, unlocked, unwatched, a port
Led to the castle's outer court:
There the main fortress, broad and tall,
Spread its long range of bower and hall
And towers of varied size,
Wrought with each ornament extreme
That Gothic art in wildest dream
Of fancy could devise;
But full between the warrior's way
And the main portal arch there lay
An inner moat;
Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.

His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
And down falls helm and down the shield,
Rough with the dints of many a field.
Fair was his manly form and fair
His keen dark eye and close curled hair,
When all unarmed save that the brand
Of well-proved metal graced his hand,
With nought to fence his dauntless breast
But the close gipon's under-vest,
Whose sullied buff the sable stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains, —
Roland de Vaux upon the brim
Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

XIX

Accoutred thus he dared the tide,
And soon he reached the farther side
And entered soon the hold,
And paced a hall whose walls so wide
Were blazoned all with feats of pride
By warriors done of old.
In middle lists they countered here
While trumpets seemed to blow;
And there in den or desert drear
They quelled gigantic foe,

Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.
Strange in their arms and strange in face,
Heroes they seemed of ancient race,
Whose deeds of arms and race and name,
Forgotten long by later fame,
  Were here depicted to appall
Those of an age degenerate
Whose bold intrusion braved their fate
  In this enchanted hall.
For some short space the venturous knight
With these high marvels fed his sight,
Then sought the chamber's upper end
Where three broad easy steps ascend
  To an arched portal door,
In whose broad folding leaves of state
Was framed a wicket window-grate;
  And ere he ventured more,
The gallant knight took earnest view
The grated wicket-window through.

XX

O, for his arms! Of martial weed
Had never mortal knight such need! —
He spied a stately gallery; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
  The vaulting, and the floor;

And, contrast strange! on either hand
There stood arrayed in sable band
  Four maids whom Afric bore;
And each a Lybian tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
  As Lucy's golden hair,
For the leash that bound these monsters dread
  Was but of gossamer.
Each maiden's short barbaric vest
Left all unclosed the knee and breast
  And limbs of shapely jet;
White was their vest and turban's fold,
On arms and ankles rings of gold
  In savage pomp were set;
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hand an assagay.
Such and so silent stood they there
  That Roland wellnigh hoped
He saw a band of statues rare,
Stationed the gazer's soul to scare;
  But when the wicket oped
Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,
Rolled his grim eye, and spread his claw,
Scented the air, and licked his jaw;
While these weird maids in Moorish tongue
A wild and dismal warning sung.

XXI

'Rash adventurer, bear thee back!
Dread the spell of Dahomay!
Fear the race of Zaharak;
Daughters of the burning day!

'When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,
Ours it is the dance to braid;
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling
Join the measure that we tread,
When the Moon has donned her cloak
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,
Music meet for such as we.

'Where the shattered columns lie,
Showing Carthage once had been,
If the wandering Santon's eye
Our mysterious rites hath seen, —
Oft he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
"Azrael's brand hath left the sheath,
Moslems, think upon the tomb!"

'Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,
Ours the hydra of the fen,

Ours the tiger of the brake,
  All that plague the sons of men.
Ours the tempest's midnight wrack,
  Pestilence that wastes by day —
Dread the race of Zaharak!
  Fear the spell of Dahomay!'

XXII

Uncouth and strange the accents shrill
  Rung those vaulted roofs among,
Long it was ere faint and still
  Died the far-resounding song.
While yet the distant echoes roll,
The warrior communed with his soul.
  'When first I took this venturous quest,
    I swore upon the rood
  Neither to stop nor turn nor rest,
    For evil or for good.
My forward path too well I ween
Lies yonder fearful ranks between;
For man unarmed 't is bootless hope
With tigers and with fiends to cope —
Yet, if I turn, what waits me there
Save famine dire and fell despair? —
Other conclusion let me try,
Since, choose howe'er I list, I die.

Forward lies faith and knightly fame;
Behind are perjury and shame.
In life or death I hold my word!'
With that he drew his trusty sword,
Caught down a banner from the wall,
And entered thus the fearful hall.

XXIII

On high each wayward maiden threw
Her swarthy arm with wild halloo!
On either side a tiger sprung —
Against the leftward foe he flung
The ready banner to engage
With tangling folds the brutal rage;
The right-hand monster in mid air
He struck so fiercely and so fair
Through gullet and through spinal bone
The trenchant blade hath sheerly gone.
His grisly brethren ramped and yelled,
But the slight leash their rage withheld,
Whilst 'twixt their ranks the dangerous road
Firmly though swift the champion strode.
Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,
Safe passed an open portal through;
And when against pursuit he flung
The gate, judge if the echoes rung!

Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mixed with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV

'Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done!
We hail once more the tropic sun.
Pallid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

'Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round agen;
Foot of man till now hath ne'er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

'Warrior! thou whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial
Where resistance is denial.

'Now for Afric's glowing sky,
Zwenga wide and Atlas high,
Zaharak and Dahomay! —
Mount the winds! Hurra, Hurra!'

XXV

The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide
The knight pursued his steady way
Till to a lofty dome he came
That flashed with such a brilliant flame
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurled.
For here the gold in sandy heaps
With duller earth incorporate sleeps;
Was there in ingots piled, and there
Coined badge of empery it bare;
Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
Dimmed by the diamond's neighbouring ray,
Like the pale moon in morning day;
And in the midst four maidens stand,
The daughters of some distant land.
Their hue was of the dark-red dye
That fringes oft a thunder sky;
Their hands palmetto baskets bare,
And cotton fillets bound their hair;
Slim was their form, their mien was shy,
To earth they bent the humbled eye,
Folded their arms, and suppliant kneeled,
And thus their proffered gifts revealed.

XXVI

CHORUS

'See the treasures Merlin piled,
Portion meet for Arthur's child.
Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!'

FIRST MAIDEN

'See these clots of virgin gold!
Severed from the sparry mould,
Nature's mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie;
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop and saints to sin.'

SECOND MAIDEN

'See these pearls that long have slept;
These were tears by Naiads wept
For the loss of Marinel.
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite.'

THIRD MAIDEN

'Does a livelier hue delight?
Here are rubies blazing bright,

Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between;
Here their varied hues unite
In the changeful chrysolite.'

FOURTH MAIDEN

'Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all and look on mine!
While their glories I expand
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.
Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze.'

CHORUS

'Warrior, seize the splendid store;
Would 't were all our mountains bore!
We should ne'er in future story
Read, Peru, thy perished glory!'

XXVII

Calmly and unconcerned the knight
Waved aside the treasures bright —
'Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys!

Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he deigned to hoard
Inlays his helm and hilts his sword.'
Thus gently parting from their hold,
He left unmoved the dome of gold.

XXVIII

And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry;
When, lo! a plashing sound he hears,
A gladsome signal that he nears
  Some frolic water-run:
And soon he reached a courtyard square
Where, dancing in the sultry air,
Tossed high aloft a fountain fair
  Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left a fair arcade
In long perspective view displayed
Alleys and bowers for sun or shade:
  But full in front a door,
Low-browed and dark, seemed as it led
To the lone dwelling of the dead
  Whose memory was no more.

XXIX

Here stopped De Vaux an instant's space
To bathe his parchèd lips and face,
And marked with well-pleased eye,
Refracted on the fountain stream,
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam
Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild control,
Like that which lulls the weary soul,
From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives
The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX

And oft in such a dreamy mood
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood,
As if the Nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mould,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These maids enlinked in sister-fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the greenwood shade,

Nearer the musing champion draw,
And in a pause of seeming awe
  Again stand doubtful now? —
Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, 'To please be ours,
  Be yours to tell us how.'
Their hue was of the golden glow
That sons of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashioned fair and free
In nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreathed with flowers, with odors graced,
Their raven ringlets reached the waist:
In eastern pomp its gilding pale
The henna lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement drawn
  The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye or tempt the touch,
For modesty showed all too much —
  Too much — yet promised more.

XXXI

'Gentle knight, awhile delay,'
Thus they sung, 'thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here;
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
Though no treasured gems have we
To proffer on the bended knee,
Though we boast nor arm nor heart
For the assagay or dart,
Swains allow each simple girl
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;
Or, if dangers more you prize,
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

'Stay, then, gentle warrior, stay,
Rest till evening steal on day;
Stay, O, stay! — in yonder bowers
We will braid thy locks with flowers,
Spread the feast and fill the wine,
Charm thy ear with sounds divine,
Weave our dances till delight
Yield to languor, day to night.

Then shall she you most approve
Sing the lays that best you love,
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,
Till the weary night be o'er —
Gentle warrior, wouldst thou more?
Wouldst thou more, fair warrior, — she
Is slave to Love and slave to thee.'

XXXII

O, do not hold it for a crime
In the bold hero of my rhyme,
For Stoic look
And meet rebuke
He lacked the heart or time;
As round the band of sirens trip,
He kissed one damsel's laughing lip,
And pressed another's proffered hand,
Spoke to them all in accents bland,
But broke their magic circle through;
'Kind maids,' he said, 'adieu, adieu!
My fate, my fortune, forward lies.'
He said and vanished from their eyes;
But, as he dared that darksome way,
Still heard behind their lovely lay:
'Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!
Go where the feelings of the heart

With the warm pulse in concord move;
Go where Virtue sanctions Love!'

XXXIII

Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
And ruined vaults has gone,
Till issue from their wildered maze
Or safe retreat seemed none,
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on.
For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers showed
That dogged him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits and lakes of waters dun
They showed, but showed not how to shun.
These scenes of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poisoned air,
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 't were to face yon tigers ranged!
Nay, soothful bards have said,
So perilous his state seemed now
He wished him under arbour bough
With Asia's willing maid.
When, joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourished loud and clear,

And as it ceased a lofty lay
Seemed thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV

'Son of Honour, theme of story,
Think on the reward before ye!
Danger, darkness, toil despise;
'T is Ambition bids thee rise.

'He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand and foot and knee he tries;
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

'Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power and Conqueror's glory!'

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the wanderer found,
And then a turret stair:
Nor climbed he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,
And next a welcome glimpse was given
That cheered him with the light of heaven.
At length his toil had won

A lofty hall with trophies dressed,
Where as to greet imperial guest
Four maidens stood whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV

Of Europe seemed the damsels all;
The first a nymph of lively Gaul
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her borrowed air of awe belie;
The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-haired, sedate yet bold;
White ivory skin and tress of gold
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Almaine.
These maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
Emblems of empery;
The fourth a space behind them stood,
And leant upon a harp in mood
Of minstrel ecstasy.
Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British Druidess,
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the ground,
And in her hand displayed
A crown did that fourth maiden hold,

But unadorned with gems and gold,
Of glossy laurel made.

XXXVI

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down
These foremost maidens three,
And proffered sceptre, robe, and crown,
Liegedom and seignorie
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;
But homage would he none: —
'Rather,' he said, 'De Vaux would ride,
A warden of the Border-side
In plate and mail than, robed in pride,
A monarch's empire own;
Rather, far rather, would he be
A free-born knight of England free
Than sit on despot's throne.'
So passed he on, when that fourth maid,
As starting from a trance,
Upon the harp her finger laid;
Her magic touch the chords obeyed,
Their soul awaked at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN

'Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately towers, and bannered keep,

Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
As the dreaded step they own.

'Fiends that wait on Merlin's spell,
Hear the foot-fall! mark it well!
Spread your dusky wings abroad,
Boune ye for your homeward road!

'It is His, the first who e'er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
His, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride.

'Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and turret steep!
Tremble, keep! and totter, tower!
This is Gyneth's waking hour.'

XXXVII

Thus while she sung the venturous knight
Has reached a bower where milder light
Through crimson curtains fell;
Such softened shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
Upon its western swell.
That bower, the gazer to bewitch,

Had wondrous store of rare and rich
As e'er was seen with eye;
For there by magic skill, iwis,
Form of each thing that living is
Was limned in proper dye.
All seemed to sleep — the timid hare
On form, the stag upon his lair,
The eagle in her eyrie fair
Between the earth and sky.
But what of pictured rich and rare
Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,
Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,
He saw King Arthur's child!
Doubt and anger and dismay
From her brow had passed away,
Forgot was that fell tourney-day,
For as she slept she smiled:
It seemed that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII

That form of maiden loveliness,
'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,
That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,
The arms and ankles bare, express
Of Lyulph's tale the truth.

Still upon her garment's hem
Vanoc's blood made purple gem,
And the warder of command
Cumbered still her sleeping hand;
Still her dark locks dishevelled flow
From net of pearl o'er breast of snow;
And so fair the slumberer seems
That De Vaux impeached his dreams,
Vapid all and void of might,
Hiding half her charms from sight.
Motionless awhile he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
Trembling in his fitful joy,
Doubtful how he should destroy
  Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
  What these eyes shall tell. —
'Saint George! Saint Mary! can it be
That they will kindly look on me!'

XXXIX

Gently, lo! the warrior kneels,
Soft that lovely hand he steals,
Soft to kiss and soft to clasp —
But the warder leaves her grasp;
  Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!

Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters tower, and trembles keep,
  Burst the castle-walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks, —
  Melt the magic halls away; —
But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux
  Safe the princess lay;
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose's flower
  Opening to the day;
And round the champion's brows were bound
The crown that Druidess had wound
  Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remained of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
  The Garland and the Dame:
But where should warrior seek the meed
Due to high worth for daring deed
  Except from LOVE and FAME!

CONCLUSION

I

My Lucy, when the maid is won
The minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done;
And to require of bard
That to his dregs the tale should run
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,
When tale or play is o'er;
Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
The honours that they bore.
Know too that when a pilgrim strays
In morning mist or evening maze
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
Of the Valley of Saint John;
But never man since brave De Vaux
The charmèd portal won.
'T is now a vain illusive show
That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

II

But see, my love, where far below
Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
  The whiles, up-gazing still,
Our menials eye our steepy way,
Marvelling perchance what whim can stay
Our steps when eve is sinking gray
  On this gigantic hill.
So think the vulgar — Life and time
Ring all their joys in one dull chime
  Of luxury and ease;
And O, beside these simple knaves,
How many better born are slaves
  To such coarse joys as these,
Dead to the nobler sense that glows
When nature's grander scenes unclose!
But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
The mountain's misty coronet,
  The greenwood and the wold;
And love the more that of their maze
Adventure high of other days
  By ancient bards is told,
Bringing perchance, like my poor tale,
Some moral truth in fiction's veil:
Nor love them less that o'er the hill

The evening breeze as now comes chill; —
My love shall wrap her warm,
And, fearless of the slippery way
While safe she trips the heathy brae,
Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE DYING BARD

AIR — *Daffydz Gangwen*

1806

The Welsh tradition bears that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And O, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene
To join the dim choir of the bards who have be
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And safe Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors and matchless thy maids!
And thou whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp! my last treasure, farewell!

THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE

1806

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan; Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers with iron toil
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers ere dawn of morn
Was heard afar the bugle-horn,
And forth in banded pomp and pride
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore their banners broad should gleam
In crimson light on Rymny's stream;
They vowed Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore — the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vowed — the trampled green
Showed where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armèd steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there in early spring
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE MAID OF TORO

1806

O, LOW shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sorely sighed to the breezes and wept to the flood.
'O saints, from the mansions of bliss lowly bending!
Sweet Virgin, who hearest the suppliant's cry!
Now grant my petition in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore or let Eleanor die!'

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout and the groan and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary.
Cleft was his helmet and woe was his mien.

'O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!

Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe.'
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumbed with despair:
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
Forever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

THE PALMER

1806

'O OPEN the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

'No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the king's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

'A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O, open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

'I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea, —
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

'The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;

THE PALMER

An agèd man amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

'You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

'The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barred,
Who hears me thus complain.

'Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want
That's now denied to me.'

The ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo! when through the vapours dank
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer weltered there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

1806

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's *Fleur d'Épine.*

O, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love in life's extremity
Can lend an hour of cheering,
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night
You saw the taper shining;

By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he passed — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing —
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE

1806

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climbed the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wandered beside it,
And banned it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wished that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure and every brave scar;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten,
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And O, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ee!
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfullest ebbs like the sea!

Till, at times — could I help it? — I pined and I pondered
If love could change notes like the bird on the tree —
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wandered;
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,

Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE

AIR — *'Carrickfergus'*

1806

SINCE here we are set in array round the table,
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,
Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing as I'm able,
How innocence triumphed and pride got a fall.
But push round the claret —
Come, stewards, don't spare it —
With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I give;
Here, boys,
Off with it merrily —
Melville forever, and long may he live!

What were the Whigs doing, when boldly pursuing,
Pitt banished Rebellion, gave Treason a string;
Why, they swore on their honour, for Arthur O'Connor,
And fought hard for Despard 'gainst country and king.
Well then, we knew, boys,
Pitt and Melville were true boys,
And the tempest was raised by the friends of Reform.
Ah! woe!
Weep to his memory;
Low lies the pilot that weathered the storm!

And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first were raising,
And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er our heads?
When villains and coxcombs, French politics praising,
Drove peace from our tables and sleep from our beds?
Our hearts they grew bolder
When, musket on shoulder,
Stepped forth our old Statesmen example to give.
Come boys, never fear,
Drink the Blue grenadier —
Here's to old Harry, and long may he live!

They would turn us adrift, though rely, sir, upon it,
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet
Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.
We laugh at their taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is licence our life for our country to give.
Off with it merrily —
Horse, foot, and artillery,
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!

'T is not us alone, boys — the Army and Navy
Have each got a slap 'mid their politic pranks;

Cornwallis cashiered, that watched winters to save ye,
And the Cape called a bauble unworthy of thanks.
But vain is their taunt,
No soldier shall want
The thanks that his country to valour can give:
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily —
Sir David and Popham, and long may they live!

And then our revenue — Lord knows how they viewed it,
While each petty statesman talked lofty and big;
But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread had brewed it,
And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.
In vain is their vaunting,
Too surely there's wanting
What judgment, experience, and steadiness give:
Come, boys,
Drink about merrily —
Health to sage Melville, and long may he live!

Our King, too — our Princess — I dare not say more, sir, —
May Providence watch them with mercy and might!
While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a claymore, sir,
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.

HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE

Be damned he that dare not, —
For my part, I'll spare not
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give.
Fill it up steadily,
Drink it off readily —
Here's to the Princess, and long may she live!

And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,
And make her brown visage as light as her heart;
Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.
In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honour, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink Melville forever, as long as we live!

HUNTING SONG

1808

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;

HUNTING SONG

We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SONG

1808

O, SAY not, my love, with that mortified air,
  That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair
  For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
  Its tendrils in infancy curled,
'T is the ardour of August matures us the wine
  Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form that was fashioned as light as a fay's
  Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance that was bright as a falcon's at gaze
  Looks soberly now on the ground, —

Enough, after absence to meet me again
  Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
  For me the kind language of love.

THE RESOLVE

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM, 1809

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word or feignèd tear,
By gesture, look, or smile:
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot —
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy
In cheek or chin or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow:

THE RESOLVE

I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glowed a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dreams shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net so slightly wrought
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own,
Nor shall wild passion trouble it, —
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest, —
'Thy loving labour 's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost:

THE RESOLVE

The widowed turtles mateless die,
The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves — no more will I —
I'll rather dwell alone.'

EPITAPH

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD

1809

Amid these aisles where once his precepts showed
The heavenward pathway which in life he trode,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.
Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble spread
In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smothered here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just, —
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honoured, beloved, and mourned, here Seward lies!
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say, —
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

PROLOGUE

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF 'THE FAMILY LEGEND'

1810

'T is sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die;
'T is sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear;
But far more sadly sweet on foreign strand
We list the legends of our native land,
Linked as they come with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil
Or till Acadia's winter-fettered soil,
He hears with throbbing heart and moistened eyes,
And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise!
It opens on his soul his native dell,
The woods wild waving and the water's swell;
Tradition's theme, the tower that threats the plain,
The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;
The cot beneath whose simple porch were told
By grey-haired patriarch the tales of old,

The infant group that hushed their sports the while,
And the dear maid who listened with a smile.
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,
And sleep they in the poet's gifted mind?
O no! For she, within whose mighty page
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.
Yourselves shall judge — whoe'er has raised the sail
By Mull's dark coast has heard this evening's tale.
The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;
Proudly preferred that first our efforts give
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live;
More proudly yet, should Caledon approve
The filial token of a daughter's love.

THE POACHER

1809

WELCOME, grave stranger, to our green retreats
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!
Thrice welcome, sage, whose philosophic plan
By nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls:
O'er court, o'er custom-house, his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind:
Thine eye applausive each sly vermin sees,
That balks the snare yet battens on the cheese;
Thine ear has heard with scorn instead of awe
Our buckskinned justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou marked with grief fair London's race,
Mocked with the boon of one poor Easter chase,

And longed to send them forth as free as when
Poured o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismayed,
On every covey fired a bold brigade;
La Douce Humanité approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt;
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echoed *Vive la Liberté!*
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added links resumes his chain.
Then, since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come, view with me a hero of thine own,
One whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land
Where stunted heath is patched with ruddy sand,
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce-marked path descends yon dingle deep:
Follow — but heedful, cautious of a trip —
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.

Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel formed for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day —
Though placed where still the Conqueror's hests o'er-
awe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law —
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barred Labrador.[1]

Approach and through the unlatticed window peep —
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand;
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.

[1] See Note 16.

His pilfered powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filched lead the church's roof affords —
Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.
The fish-spear barbed, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils and wiring for the snare.
Bartered for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight, run when moon was none;
And late-snatched spoils lie stowed in hutch apart
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul and mark his rest:
What scenes perturbed are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain;
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth stretched,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitched,
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loath,
Sounds of dire import — watchword, threat, and oath.
Though, stupefied by toil and drugged with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismayed. —

'Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eyeballs and that wildered air,
Signs of compunction for a murdered hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?'

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He that would e'er so lightly set ajar
That awful portal must undo each bar:
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once; — the lightest heart
That ever played on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
''T was but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before.'

But he whose humours spurn law's awful yoke
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke;
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown who robs the warren or excise
With sterner felons trained to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,
Guilt leagues with guilt while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue balked or pilfered game
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany and direr deeds.

Wild howled the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renewed her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walked his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The waning moon with storm-presaging gleam
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old Oak stooped his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky.

THE POACHER

'T was then that, couched amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watched the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot —
The watchful keeper heard and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife;
O'erpowered at length the Outlaw drew his knife.
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell —
The rest his waking agony may tell!

THE BOLD DRAGOON

OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS

1812

'T WAS a Maréchal of France, and he fain would honour gain,
And he longed to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain;
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée —
O, he feared not our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick while his soldiers sacked the town,
When, 't was peste! morbleu! mon Général,
Hear the English bugle-call!
And behold the light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled through the wall;[1]

[1] See Note 17.

They took no time to seek the door,
But, best foot set before —
O, they ran from our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there soused at once the British rank and file;
For Long, De Grey, and Otway then
Ne'er minded one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led;
So huzza for brave dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to
Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song:
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons with their long
swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

1814

'O, TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?'

'No, not to these, for they have rest, —
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the rene her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep nor mountain gray,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

'Their flag was furled and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside
To tend her kindly housewifery.

'The hand that mingled in the meal
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warmed that hand
At midnight armed it with the brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

'Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

'Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-haired master's misery.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
"Revenge for blood and treachery!"'

SONG

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND

1814

O, DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughtered in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bowed down by her foemen,
PITT closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head while he traces the furrow
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sowed it in vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be softened with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

SONG

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His gray head who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his Son;
By his firmness unmoved in success and disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!
With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup and change the sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that planned, and the zeal that obeyed!
Fill Wellington's cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Græme;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA

1814

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald!
Staffa! king of all kind fellows!
Well befall thy hills and valleys,
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows —
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;
Mountains which the gray mist covers,
Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretched to quit our land forever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart 'twixt this and Staffa
Beats not than in heart of Staffa!

PHAROS LOQUITUR

1814

FAR in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

LETTER IN VERSE

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

LIGHTHOUSE YACHT IN THE SOUND OF LERWICK, ZETLAND, 8TH AUGUST, 1814.

HEALTH to the chieftain from his clansman true!
From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch!
Health from the isles where dewy Morning weaves
Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight leaves;
Where late the sun scarce vanished from the sight,
And his bright pathway graced the short-lived night,
Though darker now as autumn's shades extend
The north winds whistle and the mists ascend!
Health from the land where eddying whirlwinds toss
The storm-rocked cradle of the Cape of Noss;
On outstretched cords the giddy engine slides,
His own strong arm the bold adventurer guides,
And he that lists such desperate feat to try
May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt surf and sky,
And feel the mid-air gales around him blow,
And see the billows rage five hundred feet below.

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore,
The hardy islesman tugs the daring oar,

Practised alike his venturous course to keep
Through the white breakers or the pathless deep,
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain
A wretched pittance from the niggard main.
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,
What comfort greets him and what hut receives?
Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheered —
When want and sorrow fled as you appeared —
Were to a Zetlander as the high dome
Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble home.
Here rise no groves and here no gardens blow,
Here even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow;
But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm arrayed,
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
With many a cavern seamed, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent cry
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base with sullen sound
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain
From those whose land has known oppression's claim;
For here the industrious Dutchman comes, once more
To moor his fishing craft by Bressay's shore,
Greets every former mate and brother tar,
Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the rage of war,

Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage done,
And ends by blessing God and Wellington.
Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer guest,
Claims a brief hour of riot, not of rest;
Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,
And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous mirth.
A sadder sight on yon poor vessel's prow
The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,
And eyes the flags of Britain as they flow.
Hard fate of war, which bade her terrors sway
His destined course and seize so mean a prey,
A bark with planks so warped and seams so riven
She scarce might face the gentlest airs of heaven:
Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none
Can list his speech and understand his moan:
In vain — no Islesman now can use the tongue
Of the bold Norse from whom their lineage sprung.
Not thus of old the Norsemen hither came,
Won by the love of danger or of fame;
On every storm-beat cape a shapeless tower
Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their power;
For ne'er for Grecia's vales nor Latian land
Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand;
A race severe, the isle and ocean lords
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;
With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,
And blest their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,
And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,
The limbs athletic, and the long light hair, —
Such was the mien, as Scald and Minstrel sings,
Of fair-haired Harold, first of Norway's Kings; —
But their high deeds to scale these crags confined,
Their only welfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castle coast?
Why of the horrors of the Sunburgh Rost?
May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,
Penned while my comrades whirl the rattling dice —
While down the cabin skylight lessening shine
The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine?
Imagined, while down Mousa's desert bay
Our well-trimmed vessel urged her nimble way,
While to the freshening breeze she leaned her side,
And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide?

Such are the lays that Zetland's Isles supply;
Drenched with the drizzly spray and dropping sky,
Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I.

W. Scott.

POSTSCRIPTUM

KIRKWALL, ORKNEY, AUG. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commissioned a Kraken,
You will please be informed that they seldom are taken;
It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,
Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway bay;
He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,
Though bold in the seas of the North to assail
The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and whale.
If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is not,
You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott —
He's not from our clan, though his merits deserve it,
But springs, I'm informed, from the Scotts of Scots-
tarvet; —
He questioned the folks who beheld it with eyes,
But they differed confoundedly as to its size.
For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seemed like the keel of a ship and no more —
Those of eyesight more clear or of fancy more high
Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky —
But all of the hulk had a steady opinion
That 't was sure a *live* subject of Neptune's dominion —
And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly would
wish,
To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish.

Had your order related to night-caps or hose
Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those.
Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale?
And direct me to send it — by sea or by mail?
The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still
I could get you one fit for the lake at Bowhill.
Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be thrifty,
Since one day last fortnight two hundred and fifty,
Pursued by seven Orkneymen's boats and no more,
Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were drawn on the shore!
You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight;
I own that I did not, but easily might —
For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay
On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay,
And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil,
And *flinching* — so term it — the blubber to boil; —
Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thoughts of this odorous dissection. —
To see this huge marvel full fain would we go,
But Wilson, the wind, and the current said no.
We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must stare
When I think that in verse I have once called it *fair;*
'T is a base little borough, both dirty and mean —
There is nothing to hear and there's nought to be seen,
Save a church where of old times a prelate harangued,
And a palace that's built by an earl that was hanged.

But farewell to Kirkwall — aboard we are going,
The anchor 's a-peak and the breezes are blowing;
Our commodore calls all his band to their places,
And 't is time to release you — good-night to your
Graces!

SONGS AND VERSES FROM WAVERLEY

Published in 1814.

I

'AND DID YE NOT HEAR OF A MIRTH BEFELL'

To the tune of 'I have been a Fiddler,' etc.

'The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous *History of Fryar Bacon*, has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.' (*Appendix to General Preface.*)

And did ye not hear of a mirth befell
The morrow after a wedding day,
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Tewin, away, away.

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made,
'T is pity old customs should ever decay;
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees;
We set them a-cockhorse, and made them play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;

But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
And I did carry 't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,
That he was persuaded the ground looked blue;
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,
Such smiths as he there's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
And simpering said, they could eat no more;
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip, —
I 'll say no more, but give o'er, give o'er.

II

'LATE, WHEN THE AUTUMN EVENING FELL'

From Chapter v. 'His tutor, or, I should say, Mr. Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse, which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life,'—i.e., his being appointed captain in a regiment of dragoons.

LATE, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake returned, in chastened gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam:

Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donned at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply:
Then, as the whirlwind nearer pressed,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrowed brow and blackened cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirled,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And, to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change

As warred the wind with wave and wood.
Upon the ruined tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourned that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale —
For ever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms!

III

'THE KNIGHT 'S TO THE MOUNTAIN'

From Chapter IX. 'The questioned party replied, and, like the witch of Thalaba, "still his speech was song."'

THE knight 's to the mountain
His bugle to wind;
The lady 's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.

The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

IV

'IT'S UP GLENBARCHAN'S BRAES I GAED'

From Chapter XI. 'Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar; and, without wasting more time, struck up,' —

IT's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail.

V

'HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY'

From Chapter XII. 'The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,' —

HIE away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,

Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it.
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

VI

ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR

From Chapter XIII. 'The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in *King Lear;* and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend in which they had been interwoven by some village poet, —

"Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, but left his own unsung."

'The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted.'

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be blessed;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,

Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swathed in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damped her hair:
Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She muttered the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopped the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks; —
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form!

. . . . . .

VII[1]

'YOUNG MEN WILL LOVE THEE MORE FAIR AND MORE FAST'

From Chapter XIV. 'The next day Edward arose betimes, and, in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognised Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad.'

YOUNG men will love thee more fair and more fast;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
Old men's love the longest will last,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man will brawl at the evening board;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

VIII

FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG

From Chapter xxii

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string and be hushed every tone
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown!

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! — the exiled — the dear! —
In the blush of the dawning the *Standard* uprear!

Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O, sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'T is the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'T is the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'T is the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!

IX

TO AN OAK TREE

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ——, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649

From Chapter XXIX. 'The letter from the Chief contained Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II, who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and, no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.'

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honoured sod to bloom,
The flowerets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,

Before the winter storm decay —
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swelled thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'T was then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
(When England's sons the strife resigned,)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued, though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darkened ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

X

'WE ARE BOUND TO DRIVE THE BULLOCKS'

From Chapter XXXVIII. 'The clan of Mac-Farlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country; and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch of *Hoggil nam Bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices, the sense being' —

WE are bound to drive the bullocks,
All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks,
  Through the sleet and through the rain.
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hills of snow,
Bold and heartily we go,
  And all for little gain.

XI

'BUT FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME'

From Chapter LXIII

BUT follow, follow me,
While glowworms light the lea,
I'll show ye where the dead should be —
  Each in his shroud,
  While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.

Follow, follow me:
Brave should he be
That treads by night the dead man's lea.

FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE

1814

THOUGH right be aft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leilfu' cause at length
Shall bear the grie for a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
Guns, guillotines, and a' that,
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,
Is queen again for a' that!

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
With England's Rose, and a' that;
The Shamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made bra' that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we'll no misca' that,
She sheltered in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine,
(For Blucher's sake, hurra that,)
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that.

FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT

Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thraw that,
The Devil's elbo' be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags and a' that,
The lads that battled for the right
Have won the day and a' that!

There's ae bit spot I had forgot,
America they ca' that!
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father's flag to gnaw that:
Now see it fly top-gallant high,
Atlantic winds shall blaw that,
And Yankee loon, beware your croun,
There's kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land, or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blaw that,
The British Flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a' that!

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL

From the Gaelic

1815

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O, swift be the galley and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise and the ocean should boil:
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail;

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE

Be prolonged as regret that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft and so fair and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced and trusty and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer to deck,
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back —
Till the cliffs of Skooroora and Conan's glad vale
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

IMITATION

OF THE PRECEDING SONG

1815

So sung the old bard in the grief of his heart
When he saw his loved lord from his people depart.
Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard
Nor the voice of the song nor the harp of the bard;
Or its strings are but waked by the stern winter gale,
As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

From the far Southland Border a minstrel came forth,
And he waited the hour that some bard of the north
His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;
But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

'And shalt thou then sleep,' did the minstrel exclaim,
'Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?
No, son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe
The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail
That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING SONG

'In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deadened thine ear and imprisoned thy tongue;
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

'Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell, —
In the spring-time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

'And thou, gentle dame, who must bear to thy grief
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail!'

WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN

HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN

From the Gaelic

1815

This song appears to be imperfect, or, at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chieftain. The translator has endeavoured to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

A WEARY month has wandered o'er
Since last we parted on the shore;
Heaven! that I saw thee, love, once more,
  Safe on that shore again! —
'T was valiant Lachlan gave the word:
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:
He called his kindred bands on board,
  And launched them on the main.

Clan-Gillian is to ocean gone;
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known;
Rejoicing in the glory won
  In many a bloody broil:
For wide is heard the thundering fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away
  Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our bannered bag-pipes' maddening sound!
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,
  Shall shake their inmost cell.
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays!
The fools might face the lightning's blaze
  As wisely and as well!

SAINT CLOUD

1815

Soft spread the southern summer night
  Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
  The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sighed,
  Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
  And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
  The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar
  That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
  With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
  The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
  Nor could its silence rue,

SAINT CLOUD

When waked to music of our own
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolonged from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then with more delighted ear
The circle round her drew
Than ours, when gathered round to hear
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass, —
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

1815

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
  Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
  Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolonged the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower
Marked it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flashed the sheets of levin-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Showed the dreary bivouac
  Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff and drenched with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
  Though death should come with day.

'T is at such a tide and hour
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
  Gleam on the gifted ken;

And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near
  Among the sons of men; —
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'T was then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who for many a day
  Had followed stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and edge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
  Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid mid friends' and foemen's gore —
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
  And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How upon bloody Quatre-Bras
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
  Of conquest as he fell.

Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard through darkness far aloof
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloaked patrol their course

And spurred 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have passed,
When down the destined plain,
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteor's glance,
Strange phantoms wheeled a revel dance
And doomed the future slain.
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristened Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheeled their ring-dance hand in hand
With gestures wild and dread:
The Seer, who watched them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray
And of the destined dead.

SONG

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
  And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
  They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave
  As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn
At dawn of morn
  Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
  Of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
  And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
  For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
  For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
  Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
  Both head and heart shall feel.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
  And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
  In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
  And hear our fatal scream.

With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
  Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing — each startled sprite
  Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
  And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.

Burst ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours —
  See the east grows wan —
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
  To the wrath of man.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the visioned sights he saw,
  The legend heard him say;

But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafened his ear and stark his limb,
  Ere closed that bloody day —
He sleeps far from his Highland heath, —
But often of the Dance of Death
  His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
  And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS

1815

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine:
'And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven,' was still the soldier's prayer,
'That I may prove the bravest knight and love the fairest fair.'

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword,
And followed to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry filled the air,
'Be honoured aye the bravest knight, be loved the fairest fair.'

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege-lord said,
'The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid.
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair.'

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's
shrine
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands
combine;
And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel
there
Cried, 'Honoured be the bravest knight, beloved the
fairest fair!'

THE TROUBADOUR

1815

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
'My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true love's bower;
Gayly for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour.'

And while he marched with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:
'My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour.'

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay:

THE TROUBADOUR

'My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
'My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

'IT CHANCED THAT CUPID ON A SEASON'

1815

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then? — Upon my life,
'T was bad example for a deity —
He takes me Reason for a wife,
And Folly for his hours of gayety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

SONG

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTER HAUGH

1815

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.
Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshalled the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasped her, no spearmen surround;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

SONG

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR:
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

And when it is over we'll drink a blithe measure
To each laird and each lady that witnessed our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward,
From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle-nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke!
Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

SONGS FROM GUY MANNERING

Published in 1815

I

'CANNY MOMENT, LUCKY FIT'

From Chapter III

CANNY moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon Saint Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

II

'TWIST YE, TWINE YE! EVEN SO'

From Chapter IV

TWIST ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain,
Doubt and jealousy and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

III

'WASTED, WEARY, WHEREFORE STAY'

From Chapter xxvii

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away; —
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need; —
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet or hail or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on.
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

IV

'DARK SHALL BE LIGHT'

From Chapter XLIX.

DARK shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

AIR — '*Cadul gu lo*' [1]

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

[1] Sleep on till day.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER

1816

ONCE again, — but how changed since my wanderings began —
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flowed when these echoes first mixed with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 't was not legend nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguished and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renewed the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;

And the standard of Fion flashed fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.[1]
It seemed that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore. —
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the maid who stood by,
And listed my lay while she turned from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam or melted to dew?
O, would it had been so! — O, would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr that sighed and was still!

O, would it had been so! — not then this poor heart
Had learned the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear unassisted its burden of care,
While I toiled for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
'Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my springtide again.'

[1] See Note 18.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

AIR — '*A Border Melody*'

1816

The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell Albyn's *Anthology*.

'WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen' —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen' —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen' —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

AIR — '*Piobair of Donuil Dhuidh*'

1816

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic: —

'Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.'

'The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place at Inverlochy.'

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

Come every hill-plaid and
  True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
  Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
  The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
  Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
  Blended with heather.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW

AIR — *'Cha teid mis a chaoidh'* [1]

1816

In the original Gaelic, the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake — until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind — except for the vehemence of her protestation.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,
'The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son.'

'A maiden's vows,' old Callum spoke,
'Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora ere its bloom be gone
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.'

[1] I will never go with him.

NORA'S VOW

'The swan,' she said, 'the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans when blood is high
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.'

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No Highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won —
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING

AIR — *'Thain' a Grigalach'* [1]

1816

These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this Clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the Ballad.

THE moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

[1] The MacGregor is come.

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame and their flesh to the eagles!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!
Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach!
Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer.
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR 'GOD SAVE THE EMPEROR FRANCIS,' AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA, AND HIS SUITE, 19TH DECEMBER, 1816.

God protect brave Alexander,
Heaven defend the noble Czar,
Mighty Russia's high Commander,
First in Europe's banded war;
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own!
Bless him, mid his land's disaster
For her rights who battled brave;
Of the land of foemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.
O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes,
Late and long supreme director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.
Hail! then, hail! illustrious stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land.

Freemen's force or false beguiling
Shall that union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

VERSES FROM THE ANTIQUARY

Published in 1816

I

'HE CAME, BUT VALOUR SO HAD FIRED HIS EYE'

From Chapter VI

He came; but valour so had fired his eye,
And such a falchion glittered on his thigh,
That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
I thought he came to murder, not to heal.

II

'WHY SIT'ST THOU BY THAT RUINED HALL'

From Chapter X

'Why sit'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?'

'Know'st thou not me?' the Deep Voice cried:
'So long enjoyed, so oft misused —
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

'Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

'Redeem mine hours — the space is brief —
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part forever!'

III

EPITAPH

From Chapter XI

HEIR lyeth John o' ye Girnell,
Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.
In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,
Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,
He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,
Four for ye halie kirke and ane for puir mennis wyvis.

IV

'THE HERRING LOVES THE MERRY MOONLIGHT'

From Chapter XL. 'As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill, tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative:' —

THE herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen, great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw. —

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,

When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see:
'Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.

'What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne, —
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

'To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wond'rous peril, —
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?' —

'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

'If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

'My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude
As through the moorland fern, —
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.'

. . . . . .

He turned him right and round again,
Said, 'Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.'

VERSES FROM OLD MORTALITY

Published in 1816

I

'AND WHAT THOUGH WINTER WILL PINCH SEVERE'

From Chapter XIX

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old?
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was ever wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow?

II

VERSES FOUND, WITH A LOCK OF HAIR, IN BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK

From Chapter XXIII

THY hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright
As in that well-remembered night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whispered love.

Since then how often hast thou pressed
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell;
A breast whose blood 's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion! —
Oh, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstained and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wandered wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting-scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down and rend my prey,
Then — from the carcase turn away!
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed!
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

VERSES FROM OLD MORTALITY

III

EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY

From Chapter XLIV. 'Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of the epitaphion alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus: —

HERE lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who, stirrèd up to vengeance take,
For solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,
Did tak' James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS

OR, THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN

The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

I

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye
That lightened on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail! —
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

II

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they performed their round,
Beheld all others fixed upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,
'Sultaun! thy vassal hears and he obeys!'
All have their tastes — this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;

For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys —
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay —
Such monarchs best our free-born humours suit,
But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III

This Solimaun Serendib had in sway —
And where's Serendib? may some critic say. —
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find mayhap
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's map —
Famed mariner, whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deigned to tell them over to a porter —
The last edition see, by Long and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

IV

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction —
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction —
A sort of stimulant which hath its uses
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice and perhaps in yours —
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter —
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not — but the Sultaun never laughed,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorned all remedy profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad
Or mazed or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

V

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawled jargon in a darkened room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peeped in his bath and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accent spoke their doom,
'His majesty is very far from well.'
Then each to work with his specific fell:

The Hakim Ibrahim *instanter* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.[1]
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail and some the rear;
Their remedies to reinforce and vary
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired monarch, though of words grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lacked, I promise you, no longer speeches
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI

Then was the council called — by their advice —
They deemed the matter ticklish all and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders —
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders —
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai;* —[2]
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song

[1] For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the *Recipes of Avicenna.*
[2] See Sir John Malcolm's admirable *History of Persia.*

That to Serendib the same forms belong —
E'en let the learned go search, and tell me if I 'm wrong.

VII

The Omrahs, each with hand on scimitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war —
'The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept nor owned the work of death;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong and raise the shout of battle!
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round
And the armed elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons —
And for the charges — Lo! your faithful Commons!'
The Riots who attended in their places —
Serendib language calls a farmer Riot —
Looked ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as Chinamen the Tartars,
Or as the whiskered vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trousers.

VIII

And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Imaun and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various — some advised a mosque
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touched the point; — 'Thy studious mood,'
Quoth he, 'O Prince! hath thickened all thy blood,
And dulled thy brain with labour beyond measure;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty or tell o'er thy treasure;
From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy.'

IX

These counsels sage availèd not a whit,
And so the patient — as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit —
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;

His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was called so by each subject duteous.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say —
But she professed to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deemed it fitting time to use her own.

X

'*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done' —
Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son —
'It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus insensibly our health restores,
And it must help us here. — Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get where'er you can
The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son; which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's.'
Such was the counsel from his mother came; —
I know not if she had some under-game,
As doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad when sure to die at home,

Or if she thought that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother;
But, says the Chronicle — who will go look it —
That such was her advice — the Sultaun took it.

XI

All are on board — the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.
The old Rais was the first who questioned, 'Whither?'
They paused — 'Arabia,' thought the pensive prince,
'Was called The Happy many ages since —
For Mokha, Rais.' — And they came safely thither.
But not in Araby with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Nor in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced.
One Copt alone professed to have seen her smile,
When Bruce his goblet filled at infant Nile:
She blessed the dauntless traveller as he quaffed,
But vanished from him with the ended draught.

XII

'Enough of turbans,' said the weary King,
'These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I
Incline to think some of them must be happy;

At least, they have as fair a cause as any can,
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!' — The vessel cuts the sea,
And fair Italia lies upon her lee. —
But fair Italia, she who once unfurled
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquered world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled;
Lay by her quondam vassals sorely humbled,
The pope himself looked pensive, pale, and lean,
And was not half the man he once had been.
'While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,
Our poor old boot,'[1] they said, 'is torn to pieces.
Its tops[2] the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.[3]
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;
A tramontane, a heretic — the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag —
And then — a perfect walking money-bag.'
Off set our prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France — it lay upon the road.

[1] The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.
[2] Florence, Venice, etc.
[3] The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo; i.e., Brother Devil.

XIII

Monsieur Baboon after much late commotion
Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts and could not tell what ailed him,
Only the glory of his house had failed him;
Besides, some tumors on his noddle biding
Gave indication of a recent hiding.[1]
Our prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice mustered up, for '*Vive le Roi!*'
Then whispered, ''Ave you any news of Nappy?'
The Sultaun answered him with a cross question, —
'Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool?'
The query seemed of difficult digestion,
The party shrugged and grinned and took his snuff,
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers —
Ere liberal Fashion damned both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn —

[1] Or drubbing; so called in the *Slang Dictionary*.

Replied the Frenchman after a brief pause,
'Jean Bool! — I vas not know him — Yes, I vas —
I vas remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo —
Ma foi! il s'est très joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishmen, — m'entendezvous?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like — dey call him Vellington.'
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave and crossed the strait.

XV

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended and the victory won,
But then 't was reckoning-day with honest John;
And authors vouch, 't was still this worthy's way,
'Never to grumble, till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little and the pay too much.'[1]
Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had wellnigh wept for Bonaparte!

[1] See the *True-Born Englishman*, by Daniel DeFoe.

Such was the wight whom Solimaun salamed, —
'And who are you,' John answered, 'and be d—d?'

XVI

'A stranger, come to see the happiest man —
So, signior, all avouch — in Frangistan.'[1]
'Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstocked my pastures and untilled my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths —
Happy? — Why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.'
'In that case, signior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favour — but I grieve' —
'Favour?' said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,
'It's my belief you came to break the yard! —
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner —
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner.'
With that he chucked a guinea at his head;
But with due dignity the Sultaun said,
'Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well.'
'Kiss and be d—d,' quoth John, 'and go to hell!'

[1] Europe.

XVII

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew — but, soberer now,
She *doucely* span her flax and milked her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a month her house was partly swept,
And once a week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth of yore on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom in their years of early strife
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,
Who looked to the main chance, declined no labour,
Loved a long grace and spoke a northern jargon,
And was d——d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII

The Sultaun entered, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsied sister Peg —
She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guessed at once with whom she had to do.
She bade him 'Sit into the fire,' and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook;
Asked him 'about the news from Eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper; —
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park —
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen.'

XIX

Then up got Peg and round the house 'gan scuttle
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultaun strained his princely throttle,
And holloed, 'Ma'am, that is not what I ail.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?'
'Happy?' said Peg; 'What for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh.'

'What say you to the present?' — 'Meal's sae dear,
To make their *brose* my bairns have scarce aneugh.'
'The devil take the shirt,' said Solimaun,
'I think my quest will end as it began. —
Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg' —
'Ye'll no be for the linen then?' said Peg.

XX

Now, for the land of verdant Erin
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogged unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middle-men two brace,
Had screwed his rent up to the starving-place;
His garment was a top-coat and an old one,
His meal was a potato and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confessed, and Mother Church hath from her binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
'By Mahomet,' said Sultaun Solimaun,
'That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him — do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt*.'

XXII

Shilela their plan was wellnigh after balking —
Much less provocation will set it a-walking —
But the odds that foiled Hercules foiled Paddy Whack
They seized, and they floored, and they stripped him —
Alack!
Up-bubboo! Paddy had not — a shirt to his back!
And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH

1817

When the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the tapers' glow,
Oppress his soul; while they delight
And chasten rapture with affright.
No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day —
All these endured no favour claim,
But murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We too who ply the Thespian art
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,

And when our utmost powers are strained
Dare hardly hope your favour gained.
She who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought —
Land long renowned for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts —
She, as the flutterings *here* avow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now;*
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
'T is yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE

1817

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground —
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour forever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renewed, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,

To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;
Till every sneering youth around enquires,
'Is this the man who once could please our sires?'
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumbered scene.
This must not be; — and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave,
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget —
O, how forget! — how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft returned with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakespeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fanned the flame!
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live — and all their charms are yours.

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

O favoured Land! renowned for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is played, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is — Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL

AIR — '*Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run*'

1822

The air composed by the Editor of *Albyn's Anthology*. The words written for Mr. George Thomson's *Scottish Melodies*.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though evening with her richest dye
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree —
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL

The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
  How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
  To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
  Were barren as this moorland hill.

SONG FROM ROB ROY

Published in 1817

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE

O FOR the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope and France's fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
In Bourdeaux dying lay.

'Raise my faint head, my squires,' he said,
'And let the casement be displayed,
That I may see once more
The splendour of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
And Blaye's empurpled shore.

SONG FROM ROB ROY

'Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,
His fall the dews of evening steep,
As if in sorrow shed.
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
When England's maids and matrons hear
Of their Black Edward dead.

'And though my sun of glory set,
Nor France nor England shall forget
The terror of my name;
And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,
New planets in these southern skies,
Through clouds of blood and flame.'

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH

AIR — '*Ymdaith Mionge*'

Written for Mr. George Thomson's *Welsh Melodies*, in 1817.

Ethelfrid, or Olfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmael, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguered Chester rang,
Veilèd nun and friar grey
Marched from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doomed to feel unhallowed hand?
Such was the Divine decree,
O miserere, Domine!

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughtered down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, O miserere, Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shattered towers and broken arch
Long recalled the woful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!

EPILOGUE TO 'THE APPEAL'

1818

A CAT of yore — or else old Æsop lied —
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-day,
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon her prey;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour
Since the New Jail became our next-door neighbour.[1]

Yes, times *are* changed; for in your father's age
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;
However high advanced by future fate,
There stands the bench [*points to the Pit*] that first
received their weight.
The future legal sage 't was ours to see
Doom though unwigged and plead without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor mimic elf,
Instead of lawyers comes the law herself;

[1] See Note 19.

EPILOGUE TO 'THE APPEAL'

Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,
Builds high her towers and excavates her cells;
While on the left she agitates the town
With the tempestuous question, Up or down?[1]
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
Law's final end and law's uncertainty.
But, soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter,
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.
Then — just farewell! We wait with serious awe
Till your applause or censure gives the law.
Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

[1] See Note 20.

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT

AIR — *'Cha till mi tuille'*

1818

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, 'Cha till mi tuille; gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon,' 'I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!' The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoored are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, 'Farewell to Dunvegan forever!
Farewell to each cliff on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen in which red-deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

'Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell! — and forever —
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!
The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;

But my heart shall not flag and my nerves shall not
shiver,
Though devoted I go — to return again never!

'Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;
Dear land! to the shores whence unwilling we sever
Return — return — return shall we never!
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!'

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN

AIR — '*Malcolm Caird's come again*'

1818

CHORUS

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

DONALD CAIRD can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling.
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglin, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin',

Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gar the bag-pipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey;
Hieland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN

Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard —
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird wi' mickle study
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again.

MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS

From *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, published in 1818.

WHEN the glede's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

'O sleep ye sound, Sir James,' she said,
'When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.'

I glance like the wildfire thro' country and town;
I'm seen on the causeway — I'm seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.

What did ye wi' the bridal ring — bridal ring — bridal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty quean, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue;
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.

There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald wood,
There's harness glancing sheen;
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between.

With my curch on my foot, and my shoe on my hand,
I glance like the wildfire through brugh and through land.

In the bonny cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own.
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
nd I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
he wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free
s never so bright or so bonny as me.

Our work is over — over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
he last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage vest is wrought,
When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay,
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Doff thy robes of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true love, to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, though bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?' —
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?' —
'The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

'The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
"Welcome, proud lady."'

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH[1]

1818

'T was when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms —
And grey-haired peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms —

Then looked we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
'On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old.'

With clarion loud and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array
Their onward march they make.

'Now list, ye lowland nobles all —
Ye seek the mountain-strand,

[1] See Note 21.

Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

'I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins
Before ye farther go;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe.'

'But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?' —
'The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,[1]
He deals a penance drear.

'Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel,
And with his trusty partisan
Your absolution deal.'

'T was on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steeped in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne,
Together have they joined;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

[1] See Note 22.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
'Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismayed.' —

'O Hare-castle,[1] though heart of hare!'
Fierce Oxenstern replied. —
'Shalt see then how the game will fare,'
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;
The peaks they hewed from their boot-points
Might well-nigh load a wain.[2]

And thus they to each other said,
'Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few.'

The gallant Swiss Confederates there,
They prayed to God aloud,
And he displayed his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throbbed more and more
With courage firm and high,

[1] In the original, *Haasenstein*, or 'Hare-stone.' [2] See Note 23.

And down the good Confederates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion[1] 'gan to growl
And toss his mane and tail,
And ball and shaft and crossbow bolt
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The bows of many a stately tree
Lay shivered at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelreid,
Who to his comrades said —

'I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care, —
This field shall soon be won.

'These nobles lay their spears right thick
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break
And make my brethren way.'

[1] A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

He rushed against the Austrian band,
  In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
  Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splintered on his crest,
  Six shivered in his side;
Still on the serried files he pressed —
  He broke their ranks and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
  First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four Forest Cantons freed
  From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane
  His valiant comrades burst,
With sword and axe and partisan,
  And hack and stab and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine
  And granted ground amain,
The Mountain Bull[1] he bent his brows,
  And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield
  At Sempach in the flight,

[1] A pun on the urus, or wild bull, which gives name to the canton of Uri.

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH

The cloister vaults at Konig's-field
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
'And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

'One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has galled the knight so sore
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more.'

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher called —
His name was Hans von Rot —
'For love or meed or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!'

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steered
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly rowed his way,
The noble to his follower signed
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turned,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He whelmed the boat, and as they strove
He stunned them with his oar,
'Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

'Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught.'

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land:

'Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

'At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there.' —
'Ah, gracious God!' the lady cried,
'What tidings of despair!'

Now would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot
Where God had judged the day.

THE NOBLE MORINGER[1]

AN ANCIENT BALLAD

1819

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay;
He halsed and kissed his dearest dame that was as sweet as May,
And said, 'Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

''T is I have vowed a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land and leave the land that's mine;
Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and a day.'

Then out and spoke that lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer,
'Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order tak'st thou here;

[1] See Note 24.

And who shall lead thy vassal band and hold thy lordly sway,
And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away?'

Out spoke the noble Moringer, 'Of that have thou no care,
There's many a gallant gentleman of me holds living fair;
The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals, and my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

'As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have plight,
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow.'

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him boune,
And met him there his chamberlain with ewer and with gown:

He flung the mantle on his back, 't was furred with miniver,
He dipped his hand in water cold and bathed his forehead fair.

'Now hear,' he said, 'Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers and lead my vassal train,
And pledge thee for my lady's faith till I return again.'

The chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,
'Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from me;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust — Seven twelvemonths didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day.'

The noble baron turned him round, his heart was full of care,
His gallant esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir,

To whom he spoke right anxiously, 'Thou trusty squire
to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the
sea?

'To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my
land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band;
And pledge thee for my lady's faith till seven long years
are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint
John.'

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and
young,
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous
tongue:
'My noble lord, cast care away and on your journey
wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have
end.

'Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly
tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with
your vassals ride;

And for your lovely lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I 'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year.'

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow and sorrow left his cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all — hoists topsails and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and a day.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,
When on the baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept;
And whispered in his ear a voice, ' 'T is time, Sir Knight, to wake,
Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

'Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train;
And she, the lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night within thy fathers' hall she weds Marstetten's heir.'

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,
'O, would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have
I heard!
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my
care,
But, God! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my lady
fair.

'O good Saint Thomas, hear,' he prayed, 'my patron
saint art thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my
vow!
My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of
name,
And I am far in foreign land and must endure the
shame.'

It was the good Saint Thomas then who heard his pil-
grim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpowered
his care;
He waked in fair Bohemian land out-stretched beside a
rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around;

'I know my fathers' ancient towers, the mill, the stream I know,
Now blessèd be my patron saint who cheered his pilgrim's woe!'

He leant upon his pilgrim staff and to the mill he drew.
So altered was his goodly form that none their master knew;
The baron to the miller said, 'Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be?'

The miller answered him again, 'He knew of little news,
Save that the lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose;
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word,
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy lord.

'Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free,
God rest the baron in his grave, he still was kind to me!
And when Saint Martin's tide comes round and millers take their toll,
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole.'

THE NOBLE MORINGER

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began,
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man;
'Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match to break.'

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe;
And to the warder thus he spoke: 'Friend, to thy lady say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for a day.

'I've wandered many a weary step, my strength is well-nigh done,
And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dole,
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once-loved husband's soul.'

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before,
'A pilgrim, worn and travel-toiled, stands at the castle-door;

And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for harbour and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul.'

The lady's gentle heart was moved: 'Do up the gate,' she said,
'And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed;
And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to stay,
These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a day.'

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode;
'And have thou thanks, kind Heaven,' he said, 'though from a man of sin,
That the true lord stands here once more his castle-gate within.'

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow;
It sat full heavy on his heart none seemed their lord to know;
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppressed with woe and wrong,
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seemed little space so long.

Now spent was day and feasting o'er, and come was evening hour,
The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial bower;
'Our castle's wont,' a bridesman said, 'hath been both firm and long
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant a song.'

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by the bride,
'My merry minstrel folk,' quoth he, 'lay shalm and harp aside;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold.'

'Chill flows the lay of frozen age,' 't was thus the pilgrim sung,
'Nor golden meed nor garment gay unlocks his heavy tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms was mine.

'But time traced furrows on my face and I grew silver-haired,
For locks of brown and cheeks of youth she left this brow and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age.'

It was the noble lady there this woful lay that hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dimmed with tears;
She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden beaker take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake.

It was the noble Moringer that dropped amid the wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine:
Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but the sooth,
'T was with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal truth.

Then to the cupbearer he said, 'Do me one kindly deed,
And should my better days return, full rich shall be thy meed;
Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer grey.'

The cupbearer was courtly bred nor was the boon denied,
The golden cup he took again and bore it to the bride;
'Lady,' he said, 'your reverend guest sends this, and bids me pray
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer grey.'

The ring hath caught the lady's eye, she views it close and near,
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, 'The Moringer is here!'
Then might you see her start from seat while tears in torrents fell,
But whether 't was for joy or woe the ladies best can tell.

But loud she uttered thanks to Heaven and every saintly power
That had returned the Moringer before the midnight hour;
And loud she uttered vow on vow that never was there bride
That had like her preserved her troth or been so sorely tried.

'Yes, here I claim the praise,' she said, 'to constant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight so steadfastly and true;
For count the term howe'er you will, so that you count aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll twelve to-night.'

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew,
He kneeled before the Moringer and down his weapon threw;
'My oath and knightly faith are broke,' these were the words he said,
'Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's head.'

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
'He gathers wisdom that hath roamed seven twelvemonths and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her sweet and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir.

'The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old
bridegroom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually
were told;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle
gate,
For had I come at morrow tide I came a day too late.'

EPITAPH ON MRS. ERSKINE

1819

PLAIN as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resigned;
Unflawed and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form and candid soul. —
But, O, what symbol may avail to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense we loved so well!
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife!
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear!
Yet taught by thy meek sufferance to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resigned, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

SONGS FROM THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

Published in 1819

I

'LOOK NOT THOU ON BEAUTY'S CHARMING'

From Chapter III. 'The silver tones of Lucy Ashton's voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words: '—

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming;
Sit thou still when kings are arming;
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens;
Speak not when the people listens;
Stop thine ear against the singer;
From the red gold keep thy finger;
Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

II

'THE MONK MUST ARISE WHEN THE MATINS RING'

From Chapter III. 'And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased.'

THE monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
'T is time, my hearts, 't is time.

There's bucks and raes on Bilhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.

III

'WHEN THE LAST LAIRD OF RAVENSWOOD TO RAVENSWOOD SHALL RIDE'

From Chapter XVIII. 'With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines:' —

WHEN the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe!

SONGS FROM A LEGEND OF MONTROSE

Published in 1819

I

ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY

Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream —
All night long he heard your scream.
Haste to cave and ruined tower,
Ivy tod or dingled bower,
There to wink and mope, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox, —
Hie you fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;

Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay
That scare the pilgrim on his way.
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

Wild thoughts that, sinful, dark, and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day.
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey and begone!
Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

II

THE ORPHAN MAID

NOVEMBER'S hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

'And, dame,' she said, 'by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys, —
Relieve an orphan's woe.'

The lady said, 'An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widowed mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

'Twelve times the rolling year has sped
Since, when from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelmed my child.'

'Twelve times the year its course has borne,'
The wandering maid replied,
'Since fishers on Saint Bridget's morn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

'Saint Bridget sent no scaly spoil;
An infant, well-nigh dead,
They saved, and reared in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread.'

That orphan maid the lady kissed, —
'My husband's looks you bear;

Saint Bridget and her morn be blessed!
You are his widow's heir.'

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

VERSES FROM IVANHOE

Published in 1819

I

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN

From Chapter XVII

HIGH deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne
Battle and blast had dimmed and torn.
Each dint upon his battered shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

'Joy to the fair! — thy knight behold,
Returned from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed,
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such — and the hope of Tekla's smile!

'Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fired to feats of might!
Unnoted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing, and herald tell —
"Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'T is she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field at Ascalon!

'"Note well her smile! — it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
Seest thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled."

'Joy to the fair! — my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
Then, oh! unbar this churlish gate,
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame.'

II

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR

From Chapter XVII

I'LL give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song pricked through with a spear;
I confess him in haste — for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch! — Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a friar?

The Friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone
The land and its fatness is marked for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair or the porridge of plums:
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale and they fill the black pot;
And the goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire,
Ere he lacked a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope!
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

III

'NORMAN SAW ON ENGLISH OAK'

From Chapter xxvii

NORMAN saw on English oak,
On English neck a Norman yoke;
Norman spoon in English dish,
And England ruled as Normans wish;
Blithe world in England never will be more,
Till England's rid of all the four.

IV

WAR-SONG

From Chapter XXXI. 'The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore raised on the field of battle by the scalds of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her uncovered head, the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity, and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter.'

1

WHET the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

2

The black cloud is low over the thane's castle;
The eagle screams — he rides on its bosom.

Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud,
Thy banquet is prepared!
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla!
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmèd head.

3

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;
Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant!
The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest against them;
He, the bright consumer of palaces,
Broad waves he his blazing banner,
Red, white, and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant;
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts warm from the wound!

4

All must perish!
The sword cleaveth the helmet;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance:

Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish!
The race of Hengist is gone —
The name of Horsa is no more!
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword!
Let your blades drink blood like wine;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour;
Strong hate itself shall expire!
I also must perish!

V

REBECCA'S HYMN

From Chapter xxxix

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray!
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

VI

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA

From Chapter XL. 'At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow burden to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty:' —

ANNA-MARIE, love, up is the sun,
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.

Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,
'T is time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit;
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt, my love?
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,
But think not I dreamed of thee, Tybalt, my love.

VII

ANOTHER CAROL BY THE SAME

'The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.'

KNIGHT AND WAMBA

THERE came three merry men from south, west, and north,
Evermore sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Evermore sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA

The next that came forth swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;

Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of
Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor Ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

VIII

FUNERAL HYMN

From Chapter XLII

DUST unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant hath resigned

The faded form
To waste and worm —
  Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown
  To seek the realms of woe,
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
  Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
  Brief may thy dwelling be!
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
  Shall set the captive free.

VERSES FROM THE MONASTERY

Published in 1820

I

ANSWER TO INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

TAKE thou no scorn,
Of fiction born,
  Fair fiction's muse to woo;
Old Homer's theme
Was but a dream,
  Himself a fiction too.

II

BORDER SONG

From Chapter xxv

I

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
  Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
  All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
    Many a banner spread,
    Flutters above your head,
  Many a crest that is famous in story.
    Mount and make ready then,
    Sons of the mountain glen,
  Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory.

2

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

III

SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL

From Chapter v

FORDING THE RIVER

I

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
'Who wakens my nestlings!' the raven he said,
'My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!

For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel.'

2

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height:
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour;
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip, should toll the bell?

3

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light.
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
Calm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool:
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

4

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?
A man of mean or a man of might?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?

Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we passed,
'God's blessing on the warder, he locked the bridge fast!
All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk.'

Landed — landed! the black book hath won,
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!
Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

IV

TO THE SUB-PRIOR

From Chapter IX

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide;
But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill,
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.
Back, back,
The volume black!
I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier?
Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.

Back, back,
There's death in the track!
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

'In the name of *my* Master,' said the astonished monk, 'that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?'
The same voice replied, —

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;
A form that men spy
With the half-shut eye
In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right!
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night;
I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
And travel the world with the bonny nightmare.
Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,
Men of rude are wild and reckless.

Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill,
For those be before thee that wish thee ill.

V

HALBERT'S INCANTATION

From Chapter XI

THRICE to the holly brake,
Thrice to the well;
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!

Noon gleams on the Lake,
Noon glows on the Fell;
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenel.

VI

TO HALBERT

From Chapter XII

THE WHITE MAID OF AVENEL

YOUTH of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appall thee?
He that seeks to deal with us must know nor fear nor failing;

To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts are unavailing.
The breeze that brought me hither now must sweep Egyptian ground,
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is bound;
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs for my stay,
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of day.

What I am I must not show,
What I am thou couldst not know —
Something betwixt heaven and hell,
Something that neither stood nor fell,
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good, may work thee ill.
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring,
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;
Aping in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
Like shadows from the mirrored glass.
Wayward, fickle, is our mood,
Hovering betwixt bad and good,
Happier than brief-dated man,
Living twenty times his span;

Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave!
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.
This is all that I can show —
This is all that thou mayst know.

Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,
More than to seek my haunted walk;
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,
More than good text and holy word;
And thou hast loved the deer to track,
More than the lines and the letters black;
And thou art a ranger of moss and of wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idlehood my trust abused;
He that draws to harbour late
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.
There is a star for thee which burned,
Its influence wanes, its course is turned;
Valour and constancy alone
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing —
Ethereal music ever flowing —
  The sacred pledge of Heaven
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
  Save man, for whom 't was given:
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

Fearest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee
    A peasant to dwell;
Thou mayst drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
    This haunted well.

Here lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;
Touch it, and take it, 't will dearly be bought.

Rash thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying;
Rasher trust
Has thing of dust,
On his own weak worth relying:
Strip thee of such fences vain,
Strip, and prove thy luck again.

Mortal warp and mortal woof
Cannot brook this charmèd roof;
All that mortal art hath wrought
In our cell returns to nought.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polished diamond melts away;
All is altered, all is flown,
Nought stands fast but truth alone.
Not for that thy quest give o'er:
Courage! prove thy chance once more.

Alas! alas!
Not ours the grace
These holy characters to trace:
Idle forms of painted air,

Not to us is given to share
The boon bestowed on Adam's race.
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide.

VII

TO THE SAME

From Chapter XVII. 'She spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant; but, as if now more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank verse, and, at other times, in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting.'

THIS is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
And the mermaiden weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is the day that a deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share,
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

Daring youth! for thee it is well,
Here calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quailed,
Nor thy courage failed,

And that thou couldst brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver,
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost for ever.
Though I am formed from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'T is thine to speak, reply I must.

A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,
He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower.

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is filled with Mary Avenel!
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook?
Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise, —

Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot, —
Why thy pastimes are forgot, —
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'T is for Mary Avenel.
Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow;
And view the pageant's idle glance
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night,
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

By ties mysterious linked, our fated race
Holds strange connexion with the sons of men.
The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it — and a Spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life

Hath coexistence with the House of Avenel,
And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle — on this thread of gold —
'T is fine as web of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell on 't, would not bind,
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 't was donned, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest; it hath dwindled,
Hath 'minished in its substance and its strength,
As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel.
When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements
Resign the principles of life they lent me.
Ask me no more of this! — the stars forbid it.

Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the lighthouse;
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous passion,
Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect
That lowers upon its fortunes.

Complain not on me, child of clay,
If to thy harm I yield the way.

We, who soar thy sphere above,
Know not aught of hate or love;
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
My gifts to evil turn, or good.
When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye.
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted — fare thee well!

VIII

TO THE SAME

From Chapter xx

He, whose heart for vengeance sued,
Must not shrink from shedding blood;
The knot that thou hast tied with word,
Thou must loose by edge of sword.

You have summoned me once, you have summoned me
twice,
And without e'er a summons I come to you thrice;
Unasked for, unsued for, you came to my glen,
Unsued and unasked, I am with you again.

IX

TO MARY AVENEL

From Chapter xxx

MAIDEN, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead,
Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead Alive,
Maiden, attend! Beneath my foot lies hid
The Word, the Law, the Path which thou dost strive
To find, and canst not find. Could Spirits shed
Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,
Showing the road which I shall never tread,
Though my foot points it. Sleep, eternal sleep,
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!
But do not thou at human ills repine;
Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot
For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line —
Stoop, then, and make it yours, — I may not make it
mine!

X

TO EDWARD GLENDINNING

From Chapter xxxii

THOU who seek'st my fountain lone,
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not own;
Whose heart within leaped wildly glad,
When most his brow seemed dark and sad;

Hie thee back, thou find'st not here
Corpse or coffin, grave or bier;
The Dead Alive is gone and fled:
Go thou and join the Living Dead!

The Living Dead, whose sober brow
Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now,
Whose hearts within are seldom cured
Of passions by their vows abjured;
Where, under sad and solemn show,
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.
Seek the convent's vaulted room,
Prayer and vigil be thy doom:
Doff the green, and don the grey,
To the cloister hence away!

XI

THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL

From Chapter xxxvii

FARE thee well, thou holly green.
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
With all thy glittering garlands bending,
As to greet my slow descending,
Startling the bewildered hind,
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

VERSES FROM THE MONASTERY

Farewell, fountain! now not long
Shalt thou murmur to my song,
While thy crystal bubbles, glancing,
Keep the time in mystic dancing,
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,
Like mortal schemes by fortune crossed.

The knot of fate at length is tied,
The churl is lord, the maid is bride!
Vainly did my magic sleight
Send the lover from her sight;
Wither bush, and perish well,
Fallen is lofty Avenel!

GOLDTHRED'S SONG

FROM KENILWORTH

Published in 1821

From Chapter II. 'After some brief interval, Master Goldthred, at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the joyous concurrence of his guests, indulged the company with the following morsel of melody:' —

Of all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his jest;
Then though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this catch though you swagger and screech,
And drink till you wink, my merry men each;
For though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

VERSES FROM THE PIRATE

Published in 1821

I

THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST

From Chapter VI. 'A Norwegian invocation, still preserved in the island of Uist, under the name of the Song of the Reim-kennar, though some call it the Song of the Tempest. The following is a free translation, it being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry': —

I

STERN eagle of the far northwest,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,
Thou the breaker down of towers,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing nation,
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

2

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their uprooted stems;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the topsail
That she had not veiled to a royal armada;
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds,
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former days,
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

3

There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,
Ay, and when the dark-coloured dog is opening on his track;
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause on his wing,
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the jesses,
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler.
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,

And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,
When the church hath fallen in the moment of prayer,
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chanted by the voice of the Reim-kennar.

4

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring their hands on the beach;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair;
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of Odin;
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-
western heaven, —
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

5

Eagle of the far northwestern waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path;
When thou stoopest from thy place on high,

Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown
ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the northwest, thou hast heard the voice of the
Reim-kennar.

II

HALCRO'S SONG

From Chapter XII

FAREWELL to Northmaven,
Grey Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell —
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!
We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon could brave
When the peaks of the Skerry
Were white in the wave.
There's a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain
For the skiff of her lover —
He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaiden sing them:
New sweetness they'll give her
Bewildering strain;
But there's one who will never
Believe them again.

O, were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguiled —
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were given;
And the hope would fix there
That should anchor on heaven.

III

SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER

From Chapter XV

THE sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies,
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;

In the mist the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling,
'Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-haired Harold's flag is flying.'

Many a crest in air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doomed to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks,
Horses neigh and armour clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the bard is singing,
'Gather, footmen; gather, horsemen,
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen!

'Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not vantage, count not number;
Jolly reapers, forward still,
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scattered, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight.

Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

'Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye —
Victory, and wealth, and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!'

IV

SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN

From Chapter XVI

MERMAID

FATHOMS deep beneath the wave,
Stringing beads of glistering pearl,
Singing the achievements brave
Of many an old Norwegian earl;
Dwelling where the tempest's raving
Falls as light upon our ear
As the sigh of lover, craving
Pity from his lady dear,

Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN

From reining of the water-horse,
That bounded till the waves were foaming,
Watching the infant tempest's course,
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,
When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,
When the winds and waves are cruel;
Children of wild Thule, we
Have ploughed such furrows on the sea
As the steer draws on the lea,
And hither we come to share your glee.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN

We heard you in our twilight caves,
A hundred fathom deep below,
For notes of joy can pierce the waves,
That drown each sound of war and woe.
Those who dwell beneath the sea
Love the sons of Thule well;

Thus, to aid your mirth, bring we
  Dance and song and sounding shell.
Children of dark Thule, know,
Those who dwell by haaf and voe,
Where your daring shallops row,
Come to share the festal show.

V

NORNA'S VERSES

From Chapter XIX

For leagues along the watery way,
  Through gulf and stream my course has been;
The billows know my Runic lay,
  And smooth their crests to silent green.

The billows know my Runic lay,
  The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still;
But human hearts, more wild than they,
  Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,
  To tell my woes, and one alone;
When gleams this magic lamp, 't is here,
  When dies the mystic light, 't is gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail!
The lamp is lit, the flame is clear;
To you I come to tell my tale,
Awake, arise, my tale to hear!

Dwellers of the mountain, rise,
Trold the powerful, Haims the wise!
Ye who taught weak woman's tongue
Words that sway the wise and strong, —
Ye who taught weak woman's hand
How to wield the magic wand,
And wake the gales on Foulah's steep,
Or lull wild Sumburgh's waves to sleep!
Still are ye yet? Not yours the power
Ye knew in Odin's mightier hour.
What are ye now but empty names,
Powerful Trold, sagacious Haims,
That, lightly spoken, and lightly heard,
Float on the air like thistle's beard?

'When I awoke, I saw, through the dim light which the upper aperture admitted, the unshapely and indistinct form of Trold the dwarf. . . . He spoke, and his words were of Norse, so old that few, save my father or I myself, could have comprehended their import.'

A thousand winters dark have flown,
Since o'er the threshold of my stone
A votaress passed, my power to own.

Visitor bold
Of the mansion of Trold,
Maiden haughty of heart.
Who hast hither presumed,
Ungifted, undoomed,
Thou shalt not depart.
The power thou dost covet
O'er tempest and wave,
Shall be thine, thou proud maiden,
By beach and by cave, —
By stack and by skerry, by noup and by voe,
By air and by wick, and by helyer and gio,
And by every wild shore which the northern winds know,
And the northern tides lave.
But though this shall be given thee, thou desperately brave,
I doom thee that never the gift thou shalt have,
Till thou reave thy life's giver
Of the gift which he gave.

'I answered him in nearly the same strain.'

Dark are thy words, and severe,
Thou dweller in the stone;
But trembling and fear
To her are unknown,

Who hath sought thee here,
In thy dwelling lone.
Come what comes soever,
The worst I can endure;
Life is but a short fever,
And death is the cure.

VI

HALCRO AND NORNA

From Chapter xxi

CLAUD HALCRO

MOTHER darksome, mother dread,
Dweller on the Fitful Head,
Thou canst see what deeds are done
Under the never-setting sun.
Look through sleet, and look through frost,
Look to Greenland's caves and coast, —
By the iceberg is a sail
Chasing of the swarthy whale;
Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Tell us, has the good ship sped?

NORNA

The thought of the aged is ever on gear,
On his fishing, his furrow, his flock, and his steer;

But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and herd,
While the aged for anguish shall tear his grey beard.

The ship, well-laden as bark need be,
Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea;
The breeze for Zetland blows fair and soft,
And gaily the garland is fluttering aloft:
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast:
Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,
And three for Burgh-Westra, the choicest of all.

CLAUD HALCRO

Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
Thou hast conned full many a rhyme,
That lives upon the surge of time:
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,
Long after Halcro's dead and gone?
Or, shall Hialtland's minstrel own
One note to rival glorious John?

NORNA

The infant loves the rattle's noise;
Age, double childhood, hath its toys;

But different far the descant rings,
As strikes a different hand the strings.
The eagle mounts the polar sky:
The Imber-goose, unskilled to fly,
Must be content to glide along,
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

CLAUD HALCRO

Be mine the Imber-goose to play,
And haunt lone cave and silent bay;
The archer's aim so shall I shun;
So shall I 'scape the levelled gun;
Content my verses' tuneless jingle
With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,
While, to the ear of wondering wight,
Upon the distant headland's height,
Softened by murmur of the sea,
The rude sounds seem like harmony!

. . . . . .

Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
A gallant bark from far abroad,
Saint Magnus hath her in his road,
With guns and firelocks not a few:
A silken and a scarlet crew,
Deep stored with precious merchandise
Of gold and goods of rare device:

What interest hath our comrade bold
In bark and crew, in goods and gold?

NORNA

Gold is ruddy, fair, and free,
Blood is crimson, and dark to see;
I looked out on Saint Magnus bay,
And I saw a falcon that struck her prey;
A gobbet of flesh in her beak she bore,
And talons and singles are dripping with gore;
Let him that asks after them look on his hand,
And if there is blood on 't, he's one of their band.

CLAUD HALCRO

Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
Well thou know'st it is thy task
To tell what Beauty will not ask;
Then steep thy words in wine and milk,
And weave a doom of gold and silk;
For we would know, shall Brenda prove
In love, and happy in her love?

NORNA

Untouched by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest,

High seated in the middle sky,
In bright and barren purity;
But by the sunbeam gently kissed,
Scarce by the gazing eye 't is missed,
Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,
And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

MAGNUS TROIL

Mother, speak, and do not tarry,
Here's a maiden fain would marry.
Shall she marry, ay or not?
If she marry, what's her lot?

NORNA

Untouched by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;
So pure, so free from earthly dye,
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
Part of the heaven to which 't is nigh;
But passion, like the wild March rain,
May soil the wreath with many a stain.
We gaze — the lovely vision's gone:
A torrent fills the bed of stone,
That, hurrying to destruction's shock,
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.

VII

THE FISHERMEN'S SONG

From Chapter XXII. 'While they were yet within hearing of the shore, they chanted an ancient Norse ditty, appropriate to the occasion, of which Claud Halcro had executed the following literal translation': —

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf;
And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal,
We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise and seal;
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea;
And when twenty-score fishes are straining our line,
Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing when we haul,
For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all;
There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle,
And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf,
We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh;

For life without mirth is a lamp without oil;
Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil!

VIII

CLEVELAND'S SONGS

From Chapter XXIII

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps:
O, for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dream can give
A shadowed bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear
  Has left its last soft tone with you, —
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
  And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
  Beneath your frown's controlling check
Must give the word, above the storm,
  To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise, —
  The hand, that shook when pressed to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase —
  Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear, —
  Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
  Farewell! save memory of you!

IX

HALCRO'S VERSES

From Chapter XXIII

And you shall deal the funeral dole;
  Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body and to heavy soul,
  The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride;
Ay, deal them, mother mine;
And you shall deal my lands so wide,
And deal my castles nine;

But deal not vengeance for the deed,
And deal not for the crime:
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's grace
And the rest in God's own time.

Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of treason;
Saint Ronan rebuke thee, with rhyme and with reason;
By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint Mary,
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry!
If of good, go hence and hallow thee;
If of ill, let the earth swallow thee;
If thou'rt of air, let the grey mist fold thee;
If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee;
If a Pixie, seek thy ring;
If a Nixie, seek thy spring;
If on middle earth thou'st been
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
Hast ate the bread of toil and strife,
And dree'd the lot which men call life;
Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant of thee,
The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want of thee:

Hence, houseless ghost; let the earth hide thee,
Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there thou bide thee!
Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a token,
Hence pass till Hallowmass! — my spell is spoken.

Where corpse-light
Dances bright,
Be it by day or night,
Be it by light or dark,
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
Till the sun has kissed the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view,
Marked with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

X

NORNA'S INCANTATIONS

From Chapter xxv

CHAMPION, famed for warlike toil,
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil?
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.

Who dared touch the wild bear's skin
Ye slumbered on, while life was in?
A woman now, or babe, may come
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!
I come not with unhallowed tread,
To wake the slumbers of the dead,
Or lay thy giant relics bare;
But what I seek thou well canst spare.
Be it to my hand allowed
To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud;
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife:
Never while thou wert in life
Laidst thou still for sloth or fear,
When point and edge were glittering near;
See, the cerements now I sever:
Waken now, or sleep for ever!
Thou wilt not wake: the deed is done!
The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks, — for this the sea
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,

And while afar its billows foam,
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks — for this the might
Of wild winds raging at their height,
When to thy place of slumber nigh,
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,
Norna of the Fitful Head,
Mighty in her own despite,
Miserable in her might;
In despair and frenzy great,
In her greatness desolate;
Wisest, wickedest who lives,
Well can keep the word she gives.

XI

THE SAME, AT THE MEETING WITH MINNA

From Chapter XXVIII

Thou so needful, yet so dread,
With cloudy crest, and wing of red;
Thou, without whose genial breath
The North would sleep the sleep of death;
Who deign'st to warm the cottage hearth,
Yet hurlst proud palaces to earth;
Brightest, keenest of the Powers
Which form and rule this world of ours,

With my rhyme of Runic, I
Thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reimkennar, to thy art
Mother Hertha sends her part;
She, whose gracious bounty gives
Needful food for all that lives.
From the deep mine of the North
Came the mystic metal forth,
Doomed, amidst disjointed stones,
Long to cere a champion's bones,
Disinhumed my charms to aid:
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,
Elements of Water, hear!
Thou whose power can overwhelm
Broken mounds and ruined realm
On the lowly Belgian strand;
All thy fiercest rage can never
Of our soil a furlong sever
From our rock-defended land;
Play then gently thou thy part,
To assist old Norna's art.

Elements, each other greeting,
Gifts and powers attend your meeting!

Thou, that over billows dark
Safely send'st the fisher's bark:
Giving him a path and motion
Through the wilderness of ocean;
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,
O'er the shelves canst drive the navy:
Didst thou chafe as one neglected,
While thy brethren were respected?
To appease thee, see, I tear
This full grasp of grizzled hair;
Oft thy breath hath through it sung,
Softening to my magic tongue;
Now, 't is thine to bid it fly
Through the wide expanse of sky,
'Mid the countless swarms to sail
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale;
Take thy portion and rejoice:
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!

She who sits by haunted well
Is subject to the Nixie's spell;
She who walks on lonely beach,
To the Mermaid's charmèd speech;
She who walks round ring of green
Offends the peevish Fairy Queen;
And she who takes rest in the Dwarfie's cave
A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,
Minna Troil has braved all this and more;
And yet hath the root of her sorrow and ill
A source that's more deep and more mystical still.
Thou art within a demon's hold,
More wise than Heims, more strong than Trold;
No siren sings so sweet as he;
No fay springs lighter on the lea;
No elfin power hath half the art
To soothe, to move, to wring the heart,
Life-blood from the cheek to drain,
Drench the eye, and dry the vein.
Maiden, ere we farther go,
Dost thou note me, ay or no?

MINNA

I mark thee, my mother, both word, look, and sign;
Speak on with thy riddle — to read it be mine.

NORNA

Mark me! for the word I speak
Shall bring the colour to thy cheek.
This leaden heart, so light of cost,
The symbol of a treasure lost,
Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,
That the cause of your sickness and sorrow may cease,
When crimson foot meets crimson hand
In the Martyr's aisle, and in Orkney land.

Be patient, be patient, for Patience hath power
To ward us in danger, like mantle in shower;
A fairy gift you best may hold
In a chain of fairy gold;
The chain and the gift are each a true token,
That not without warrant old Norna hath spoken;
But thy nearest and dearest must never behold them,
Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told them.

XII

BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S ADVERTISEMENT

From Chapter xxxii

Poor sinners whom the snake deceives
Are fain to cover them with leaves.
Zetland hath no leaves, 't is true,
Because that trees are none, or few;
But we have flax and taits of woo',
For linen cloth and wadmaal blue;
And we have many of foreign knacks
Of finer waft than woo' or flax.
Ye gallanty Lambmas lads, appear,
And bring your Lambmas sisters here,
Bryce Snailsfoot spares not cost or care,
To pleasure every gentle pair.

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN

1822

Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the Poet had been engaged with some friends.

On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun
'T is blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noonday solitude;
By many a cairn and trenchèd mound
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs where grey-haired shepherds tell
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed
'T is blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'T is blithe along the midnight tide
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN

On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbèd spear;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii armed with fiery spears.

'T is blithe at eve to tell the tale
How we succeed and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's [1] lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashestiel; [2]
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire and flows the wine -
Days free from thought and nights from care,
My blessing on the Forest fair.

[1] Alwyn, the seat of the Lord Somerville.
[2] The Poet's residence at that time.

THE MAID OF ISLA

1822

Air — '*The Maid of Isla.*'

Written for Mr. George Thomson's *Scottish Melodies.*

O Maid of Isla, from the cliff
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steeped her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge? —
O Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray
Against the storm-cloud lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away; —
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? —
O maid of Isla, 't is her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou 'rt adverse to the suit I bring,

And cold as is yon wintry cliff
  Where seabirds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
  Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love or in his grave
  Must Allan Vourich find his home.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE

1822

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoyed me
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester lated with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
O! none but some lover whose heart-strings are breaking
The pang that I feel at our parting can know!

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain and the chillness of age.

'T was thou that once taught me in accents bewailing
To sing how a warrior lay stretched on the plain,

And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers —
Farewell, then, Enchantress; — I meet thee no more.

NIGEL'S INITIATION AT WHITEFRIARS

From Chapter XVII of *The Fortunes of Nigel*, published in 1822.

YOUR suppliant, by name
Nigel Grahame,
In fear of mishap
From a shoulder-tap;
And dreading a claw
From the talons of law,
That are sharper than briars;
His freedom to sue
And rescue by you:
Through weapon and wit,
From warrant and writ,
From bailiff's hand,
From tipstaff's wand,
Is come hither to Whitefriars.

By spigot and barrel,
By bilboe and buff,
Thou art sworn to the quarrel
Of the blades of the Huff.
For Whitefriars and its claims
To be champion or martyr,

And to fight for its dames
Like a Knight of the Garter.

From the touch of the tip,
From the blight of the warrant,
From the watchmen who skip
On the harman-beck's errand,
From the bailiff's cramp speech,
That makes man a thrall,
I charm thee from each,
And I charm thee from all.
Thy freedom's complete
As a blade of the Huff,
To be cheated and cheat,
To be cuffed and to cuff;
To stride, swear, and swagger,
To drink till you stagger,
To stare and to stab,
And to brandish your dagger
In the cause of your drab;
To walk wool-ward in winter,
Drink brandy, and smoke,
And go *fresco* in summer
For want of a cloak;
To eke out your living
By the wag of your elbow

By fulham and gourd,
  And by baring of bilboe;
To live by your shifts,
  And to swear by your honour
Are the freedom and gifts
  Of which I am the donor.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING

1822

PART FIRST

THE news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has banged the South;
The deil a Scotsman 's die o' drouth;
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS

Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;
But Scotland's turn is come at last:
Carle, now the King's come:

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay grey,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away —
But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;
The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill,
Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill:
Carle, now the King's come!

'Up, bairns!' she cries, 'baith grit and sma',
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a' —
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires:
Carle, now the King's come!

'You're welcome hame, my Montagu!
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;
I'm missing some that I may rue:
Carle, now the King's come;

'Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You 've graced my causeway mony a day;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Come, premier Duke, and carry doun
Frae yonder craig [1] his ancient croun;
It's had a lang sleep and a soun':
But, Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your clansmen like a cloud;
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood:
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;
Come, Hopetoun, feared on fields of death;
Come, Clerk,[2] and give your bugle breath;
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
We have o'er few such lairds as you:
Carle, now the King's come!

[1] The Castle. [2] See Note 25.

CARLE, NOW THE KING 'S COME

'King Arthur 's grown a common crier,
He 's heard in Fife and far Cantire:
"Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!"
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Saint Abb roars out, "I see him pass,
Between Tantallon and the Bass!"
Calton, get out your keeking-glass,
Carle, now the King 's come!'

The Carline stopped; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwam,
But Oman helped her to a dram.
Cogie, now the King 's come!

CHORUS

Cogie, now the King 's come!
Cogie, now the King 's come!
I 'se be fou', and ye 's be toom,
Cogie, now the King 's come!

PART SECOND

A Hawick gill of mountain dew
Heised up Auld Reekie's heart, I trow,
It minded her of Waterloo:
Carle, now the King 's come!

Again I heard her summons swell,
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,
It drowned Saint Giles's jowing bell:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My trusty Provost, tried and tight,
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,
There 's waur than you been made a knight:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My reverend Clergy, look ye say
The best of thanksgivings ye ha'e,
And warstle for a sunny day —
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure a' the town without a fee;
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Come forth each sturdy Burgher's bairn,
That dints on wood or clanks on airn,
That fires the o'en, or winds the pirn —
Carle, now the King 's come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

'Come forward with the Blanket Blue,
Your sires were loyal men and true,
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue:
Carle, now the King's come!

'Scots downa loup, and rin and rave,
We're steady folks and something grave,
We'll keep the causeway firm and brave:
Carle, now the King's come!

'Sir Thomas, thunder from your rock,[1]
Till Pentland dinnles wi' the shock,
And lace wi' fire my snood o' smoke:
'Carle, now the King's come!

'Melville, bring out your bands of blue,
A' Louden lads, baith stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too:
Carle, now the King's come!

'And you, who on yon bluidy braes
Compelled the vanquished Despot's praise,
Rank out, rank out, my gallant Greys:
Carle, now the King's come!

[1] Edinburgh Castle.

CARLE, NOW THE KING 'S COME

'Cock of the North, my Huntly bra',
Where are you with the Forty-twa?[1]
Ah! waes my heart that ye 're awa':
Carle, now the King 's come!

'But yonder come my canty Celts,
With durk and pistols at their belts,
Thank God, we 've still some plaids and kilts:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
Macdonell 's ta'en the field himsell,
Macleod comes branking o'er the fell:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Bend up your bow each Archer spark,
For you 're to guard him light and dark;
Faith, lads, for ance ye 've hit the mark:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Young Errol, take the sword of state,
The Sceptre, Pane-Morarchate;
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate:
Carle, now the King 's come!

[1] Marquis of Huntly, now Duke of Gordon, Colonel of the 42d regiment.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

'Kind cummer, Leith, ye 've been misset,
But dinna be upon the fret:
Ye 'se hae the handsel of him yet,
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My daughters, come with een sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew:
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'What shall we do for the propine:
We used to offer something fine,
But ne'er a groat 's in pouch of mine:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Deil care — for that I 'se never start,
We 'll welcome him with Highland heart;
Whate'er we have he 's get a part:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'I 'll show him mason-work this day:
Nane of your bricks of Babel clay,
But towers shall stand till Time 's away:
Carle, now the King 's come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

'I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?
Carle, now the King's come!

'Step out, Sir John, of projects rife,
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,
And bring him health and length of life:
Carle, now the King's come!'

THE BANNATYNE CLUB

1823

Assist me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,
Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
As enables each age to print one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
We'll ransack old Banny for one volume more.

And first, Allan Ramsay was eager to glean
From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright Evergreen;
Two light little volumes — intended for four —
Still leave us the task to print one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin
How much he left out or how much he put in;
The truth of the reading he thought was a bore,
So this accurate age calls for one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

Correct and sagacious, then came my Lord Hailes,
And weighed every letter in critical scales,
But left out some brief words which the prudish abhor
And castrated Banny in one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume more;
We'll restore Banny's manhood in one volume more.

John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concerned
I can't call that worthy so candid as learned;
He railed at the plaid and blasphemed the claymore,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
Celt and Goth shall be pleased with one volume more.

As bitter as gall and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar;
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.
But one volume, my friends, one volume more,
We'll dine on roast-beef and print one volume more.

The stout Gothic yeditur, next on the roll,
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal;
And honest Greysteel that was true to the core,
Lent their hearts and their hands each to one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

Since by these single champions what wonders were done,
What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One?
Law, Gospel, and Commerce, we count in our corps,
And the Trade and the Press join for one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure you,
We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury;
Then hear your Committee and let them count o'er
The Chiels they intend in their three volumes more.
Three volumes more, etc.

They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and Sext,
And the Rob of Dumblane and her Bishops come next;
One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,
Resolving next year to print four volumes more.
Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes more;
Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes more.

COUNTY GUY

From Chapter IV of *Quentin Durward*, published in 1823.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy?

EPILOGUE

TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON SAINT RONAN'S WELL

1824

[*Enter* MEG DODDS, *encircled by a crowd of unruly boys, whom a town's-officer is driving off.*]

THAT'S right, friend — drive the gaitlings back,
And lend yon muckle ane a whack;
Your Embro' bairns are grown a pack,
Sae proud and saucy,
They scarce will let an auld wife walk
Upon your causey.

I've seen the day they would been scaured
Wi' the Tolbooth or wi' the Guard,
Or maybe wud hae some regard
For Jamie Laing —
The Water-hole was right weel wared
On sic a gang.

But whar's the gude Tolbooth gane now?
Whar's the auld Claught, wi' red and blue?
Whar's Jamie Laing? and whar's John Doo?
And whar's the Weigh-house?
Deil hae't I see but what is new,
Except the Playhouse!

Yoursells are changed frae head to heel,
There's some that gar the causeway reel
With clashing hufe and rattling wheel,
And horses canterin',
Wha's fathers' daundered hame as weel
Wi' lass and lantern.

Mysell being in the public line,
I look for howfs I kenned lang syne,
Whar gentles used to drink gude wine
And eat cheap dinners;
But deil a soul gangs there to dine
Of saints or sinners!

Fortune's and Hunter's gane, alas!
And Bayle's is lost in empty space;
And now if folk would splice a brace
Or crack a bottle,
They gang to a new-fangled place
They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg!
They are sae greedy and sae gleg,
That if ye're served but wi' an egg —
And that's puir picking —
In comes a chiel and makes a leg,
And charges chicken!

'And wha may ye be,' gin ye speer,
'That brings your auld-warld clavers here?'
Troth, if there's onybody near
That kens the roads,
I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer
He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie;
And, since I see you're in a hurry,
Your patience I'll nae langer worry,
But be sae crouse
As speak a word for ane Will Murray
That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashioned things in truth,
And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth;
Yet actors shouldna suffer drouth
Or want of dramock,
Although they speak bu wi' their mouth,
Not with their stamock.

But ye take care of a' folk's pantry;
And surely to hae stooden sentry
Ower this big house — that's far frae rent-free —
For a lone sister,
Is claims as gude 's to be a ventri—
How'st ca'd — loquister.

EPILOGUE

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair;
For gin they do, she tells you fair
And without failzie,
As sure as ever ye sit there,
She'll tell the Bailie.

EPILOGUE

THE sages — for authority, pray, look
Seneca's morals or the copy-book —
The sages to disparage woman's power,
Say beauty is a fair but fading flower; —
I cannot tell — I've small philosophy —
Yet if it fades it does not surely die,
But, like the violet, when decayed in bloom,
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.
Witness our theme to-night; two ages gone,
A third wanes fast, since Mary filled the throne.
Brief was her bloom with scarce one sunny day
'Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fotheringay:
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood you boast,
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost?
O'er Mary's memory the learned quarrel,
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel,
Time's echo, old tradition, makes her name
The constant burden of his faltering theme;
In each old hall his grey-haired heralds tell
Of Mary's picture and of Mary's cell,
And show — my fingers tingle at the thought —
The loads of tapestry which that poor queen wrought.
In vain did fate bestow a double dower
Of every ill that waits on rank and power,

EPILOGUE

Of every ill on beauty that attends —
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.
Spite of three wedlocks so completely curst,
They rose in ill from bad to worse and worst,
In spite of errors — I dare not say more,
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore.
In spite of all, however humours vary,
There is a talisman in that word Mary,
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some
Is found the genuine *open sesamum!*
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,
It charms alike the castle and the hovel,
Even you — forgive me — who, demure and shy,
Gorge not each bait not stir at every fly,
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.[1]

[1] 'I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play, afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs. H. Siddons was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary.' — (*Letter to Constable*, 22d October, 1824.)

VERSES FROM REDGAUNTLET

Published in 1824

I

A CATCH OF COWLEY'S ALTERED

From Letter x

For all our men were very very merry,
  And all our men were drinking:
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne.
As they went to the ferry, they were very very merry,
  And all our men were drinking.

Jack looked at the sun, and cried, Fire, fire, fire!
Tom stabled his keffel in Birkendale mire;
Jem started a calf, and hallooed for a stag;
Will mounted a gate-post instead of his nag:
For all our men were very very merry,
  And all our men were drinking;
There were two men of mine,
Three of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne.
As they went to the ferry, they were very very merry,
  For all our men were drinking.

II

'AS LORDS THEIR LABOURERS' HIRE DELAY'

From Chapter IX

As lords their labourers' hire delay,
  Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
  Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
  Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
  And blasphemy to Heaven.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE, THE CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to *you?* who have faces such plenty,
That from under one hood, you last night showed us twenty!
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child — a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask? each dead implement, too,
A work-shop in your person, — saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop, an assemblage, a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot-Act, and bid you disperse.

TO J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPITAPH

DEAR JOHN, — I some time ago wrote to inform his
Fat worship of *jaces*, misprinted for *dormis;*
But that several Southrons assured me the *januam*
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's cranium.
You perhaps may observe that one Lionel Berguer,
In defence of our blunder appears a stout arguer.
But at length I have settled, I hope, all these clatters,
By a *rowt* in the papers, fine place for such matters.
I have therefore to make it for once my command, sir,
That my gudeson shall leave the whole thing in my hand, sir,
And by no means accomplish what James says you threaten, —
Some banter in Blackwood to claim your dog-Latin.
I have various reasons of weight, on my word, sir,
For pronouncing a step of this sort were absurd, sir.
Firstly, erudite sir, 't was against your advising
I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in;
For you modestly hinted my English translation
Would become better far such a dignified station.
Second, how, in God's name, would my bacon be saved
By not having writ what I clearly engraved?
On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it better
To be whipped as the thief, than his lousy resetter.

Thirdly, don't you perceive that I don't care a boddle
Although fifty false metres were flung at my noddle,
For my back is as broad and as hard as Benlomon's,
And I treat as I please both the Greeks and the Romans;
Whereas the said heathens might rather look serious
At a kick on their drum from the scribe of Valerius.
And, fourthly and lastly, it is my good pleasure
To remain the sole source of that murderous measure.
So, *stet pro ratione voluntas*, — be tractile,
Invade not, I say, my own dear little dactyl;
If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our intercourse.
To-morrow will see me in town for the winter-course,
But not at your door, at the usual hour, sir,
My own pye-house daughter's good prog to devour, sir.
Ergo, peace! — on your duty your squeamishness throttle,
And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a canny third bottle.
A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and Dominie Grundys;
A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and west, sir,
Speats and raxes ere five for a famishing guest, sir;
And as Fatsman and I have some topics for haver, he'll
Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame Peveril,
Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and Anne, you a
Dog shall be deemed if you fasten your *Janua*.

SONGS FROM THE BETROTHED

Published in 1825

I

'SOLDIER, WAKE!'

From Chapter XIX

SOLDIER, wake! the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping;
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'T is when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror
Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up! the morning beam
Hath called the rustic to his team,
Hath called the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath called the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake! thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.

Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain:
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toiled,
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled:
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

II

WOMAN'S FAITH

From Chapter xx

WOMAN'S faith, and woman's trust:
Write the characters in dust,
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the things those letters mean.

I have strained the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weighed a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

III

'I ASKED OF MY HARP'

From Chapter xxxi. 'A lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that excursive symbolical style of poetry which Taliessin, Llewarch Hen, and other bards had derived perhaps from the time of the Druids.'

I ASKED of my harp, 'Who hath injured thy chords?'
And she replied, 'The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune.'
A blade of silver may be bended — a blade of steel abideth:
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,
But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood;

The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf rangeth the mountain;
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I asked the red-hot iron, when it glimmered on the anvil,
'Wherefore glowest thou longer than the fire-brand?'
'I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood.'
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I asked the green oak of the assembly, wherefore its boughs were dry and seared like the horns of the stag,
And it showed me that a small worm had gnawed its roots.
The boy who remembered the scourge undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;
Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.
He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

IV

'WIDOWED WIFE AND WEDDED MAID'

From the last Chapter

WIDOWED wife and wedded maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betrayed,
All is done that has been said;
Vanda's wrong has been y-wroken:
Take her pardon by this token.

VERSES FROM THE TALISMAN

Published in 1825

I

'DARK AHRIMAN, WHOM IRAK STILL'

From Chapter III

DARK Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
  When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we, 'neath the extended sky,
  An empire matching thine!

If the Benigner Power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
  Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
  Where countless navies sink!

Or if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
  How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
  The arrows of thy quiver!

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
  Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
  Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
  As Eastern Magi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
  And fangs to tear thy prey?

Or art thou mixed in Nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
  Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
  And oh! victorious still?

Howe'er it be, dispute is vain.
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
  Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
  Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
  Thou art not distant far;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet-knives
  To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
  Thou rul'st the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And — who dare answer? — is thy power,
  Dark Spirit! ended THEN?

II

'WHAT BRAVE CHIEF SHALL HEAD THE FORCES'

From Chapter XI. 'A hearing was at length procured for the poet preferred, who sung, in high German, stanzas which may be thus translated': —

WHAT brave chief shall head the forces,
  Where the red-cross legions gather?
Best of horsemen, best of horses,
  Highest head and fairest feather.

Ask not Austria why, 'midst princes,
  Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle
  Why to heaven he soars the highest.

III

THE BLOODY VEST

From Chapter XXVI. 'The song of Blondel was, of course, in the Norman language; but the verses which follow express its meaning and its manner.'

'T WAS near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wandered the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas à Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion, nor stately nor rare, —
Little save iron and steel was there:
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

'Thus speaks my lady,' the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee:
'She is Benevent's Princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be —

He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men may see
His ambition is backed by his hie chivalrie.

'Therefore thus speaks my lady,' the fair page he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with head:
'Fling aside the good armour in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread:
And charge thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight, as thy wont is, where most blood is shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead.'

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently hath kissed:
'Now blessed be the moment, the messenger be blest!
Much honoured do I hold me in my lady's high behest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed dressed,
To the best armed champion I will not veil my crest;
But if I live and bear me well, 't is her turn to take the test.'
Here, gentles, ends the foremost fytte of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.

FYTTE SECOND

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats:
There was winning of honour, and losing of seats:
There was hewing with falchions, and splintering of staves,
The victors won glory, the vanquished won graves.
Oh, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And 't was he whose sole armour on body and breast
Seemed the weed of a damsel when bound for her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds, that were bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight, and forebore.
'It is some oath of honour,' they said, 'and I trow,
'T were unknightly to slay him achieving his vow.'
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire,
And delivered a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hacked and pierced through;

All rent and all tattered, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud;
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

'This token my master, Sir Thomas à Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent:
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit;
Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown;
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

'I restore,' says my master, 'the garment I've worn,
And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn.
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame 't is unsullied, though crimsoned with gore.'
Then deep blushed the Princess, yet kissed she and pressed
The blood-spotted robes to her lips and her breast.
'Go tell my true knight, church and chamber shall show
If I value the blood on this garment or no.'

And when it was time for the nobles to pass
In solemn procession to minster and mass,

The first walked the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood-besmeared night-robe she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffered the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whispered ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink:
And the Prince, who in anger and shame had looked down,
Turned at length to his daughter, and spoke with a frown:
'Now since thou hast published thy folly and guilt,
E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou hast spilt;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent.'

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood;
'The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I poured forth as freely as flask gives its wine:
And if for my sake she brooks penance and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princedom and rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent.'

VERSES FROM WOODSTOCK

Published in 1826

I

'BY PATHLESS MARCH, BY GREENWOOD TREE'

From Chapter XIV

By pathless march, by greenwood tree,
It is thy weird to follow me:
To follow me through the ghastly moonlight,
To follow me through the shadows of night,
To follow me, comrade, still art thou bound:
I conjure thee by the unstanched wound,
I conjure thee by the last words I spoke,
When the body slept and the spirit awoke,
In the very last pangs of the deadly stroke!

II

GLEE FOR KING CHARLES

From Chapter XX

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'T is to him we love most,
And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Though 't is under our breath
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honour and faith,
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round
When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles!

III

'AN HOUR WITH THEE'

From Chapter XXVI

An hour with thee! When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern grey,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?
One hour with thee!

One hour with thee! When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain
His labour on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood and throbbing brow?
One hour with thee!

One hour with thee! When sun is set,
Oh! what can teach me to forget
The thankless labours of the day;
The hopes, the wishes, flung away;
The increasing wants and lessening gains,
The master's pride who scorns my pains? —
One hour with thee!

IV

'SON OF A WITCH'

From Chapter xxx

Son of a witch,
Mayst thou die in a ditch,
With the butchers who back thy quarrels;
And rot above ground,
While the world shall resound
A welcome to Royal King Charles.

LINES TO SIR CUTHBERT SHARP

1827

FORGET thee! No! my worthy fere!
Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer!
Death sooner stretch me on my bier!
Forget thee? No.

Forget the universal shout
When 'canny Sunderland' spoke out:
A truth which knaves affect to doubt:
Forget thee? No.

Forget you? No: though nowaday
I've heard your knowing people say,
'Disown the debt you cannot pay,
You'll find it far the thriftiest way' —
But I? — O no.

Forget your kindness found for all room,
In what, though large, seemed still a small room,
Forget my *Surtees* in a ball-room:
Forget you? No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,
Forget my lovely friends the *Liddells:*
Forget you? No.

VERSES FROM CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE

Published in 1827

I

OLD SONG

From *The Highland Widow*, Chapter II

Oh, I'm come to the Low Country,
Och, och, ohonochie,
Without a penny in my pouch
To buy a meal for me.
I was the proudest of my clan,
Long, long may I repine;
And Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

II

THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE

From Chapter X of *The Fair Maid of Perth*

Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,
Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smirched her cheek, it dimmed her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair —
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldrick was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence were thine,
Ah, poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with warning stave —
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
For poor Louise.

III

DEATH CHANT

From Chapter XXII. 'Ere he guessed where he was going, the leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proudfute, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the umquhile bonnet-maker, for the ceremony of next morning, of which chant the following verses may be received as a modern imitation' : —

VIEWLESS Essence, thin and bare,
Well-nigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once didst wear;

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right;
Be thou doomed to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darkened on thy closing eye;
When the footstep thou shalt hear
That thrilled upon thy dying ear;

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
The wounds renew their clottered flood,
And every drop cry blood for blood.

IV

SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN

From Chapter xxx. 'The maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves': —

YES, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground;
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter:
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid,
'T is but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill,
And then an end of human ill:
For thou art dead.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR

1828

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
  Careered along the lea;
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound:
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
  They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
  On Cheviot's rueful day:
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stancher steed,
A peerless archer, Percy Rede;
  And right dear friends were they.

The chase engrossed their joys and woes.
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose
  By fountain or by stream;

And oft when evening skies were red
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
  Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear;
Yon thicket holds the harboured deer,
  The signs the hunters know:
With eyes of flame and quivering ears
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
  The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot! — Halloo! Halloo!
Hunter and horse and hound pursue; —
But woe the shaft that erring flew —
  That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
  Has drenched the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound — he dies, he dies;
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes;
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies
  Without a groan or quiver.

Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise;
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death — but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder mixed with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
'The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

'And if it be, the shaft be blessed
Which sure some erring aim addressed,
Since in your service prized, caressed,
I in your service die;

And you may have a fleeter hound
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
  So true a guard as I.'

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud
  And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
'Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied —
  I had not died to-day!'

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
  Down dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,
  The scene shall live forever.

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL

From *Anne of Geierstein*, published in 1829.

From Chapter xx. 'Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus': —

MEASURERS of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level, —
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend;
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles:
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

How wears the night? Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?

What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood;
'T is time we listen the behest.

Up, then, up! When day 's at rest,
'T is time that such as we are watchers;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers.

THE FORAY

1830

Set to music by John Whitefield, Mus. Doc. Cam.

THE last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red;
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone,
There are dangers to dare and there's spoil to be won.

The eyes that so lately mixed glances with ours
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom,
The prance of the steed and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;
And the moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud;
'T is the better, my mates! for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe Grey!
There is life in his hoof-clang and hope in his neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropped, the bugle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet — then mount and begone! —
To their honour and peace that shall rest with the slain;
To their health and their glee that see Teviot again!

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT

1830

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart;
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
Lo! here their end — a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
Heaven crowned its champion ere the fight was fought.

SONGS FROM THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL

Published in 1830

I

'THE SUN UPON THE LAKE'

THE sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart;

And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song —
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

II

'WE LOVE THE SHRILL TRUMPET'

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger,
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 't is our neighbour that shares it —
If peril approach, 't is our neighbour that dares it;
And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabour,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, joined to entwine them;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

III

'ADMIRE NOT THAT I GAINED THE PRIZE'

ADMIRE not that I gained the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fail with hand or eyes
When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rosy wine
My comrades drowned their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form but lingered at the game,
My soul was still with you.

IV

'WHEN THE TEMPEST'

WHEN the tempest 's at the loudest
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest
Through the foam the sea-bird glides —
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure,
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure —
Pain and Fear and Poverty
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor,
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor —
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endowed with constancy.

V

BONNY DUNDEE

AIR — '*The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee*'

To the Lords of Convention 't was Claver'se who spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes —
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There 's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks —
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men;
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it 's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

VI

'WHEN FRIENDS ARE MET'

WHEN friends are met o'er merry cheer,
And lovely eyes are laughing near,
And in the goblet's bosom clear
The cares of day are drowned;
When puns are made and bumpers quaffed,
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laughed,
Then is our banquet crowned,
Ah! gay,
Then is our banquet crowned.

When glees are sung and catches trolled,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
  And age no longer dull;
When chimes are brief and cocks do crow
To tell us it is time to go,
Yet how to part we do not know,
  Then is our feast at full,
    Ah! gay,
  Then is our feast at full.

'HITHER WE COME'

A song from *Auchindrane; or, The Ayrshire Tragedy*

1830

HITHER we come,
Once slaves to the drum,
But no longer we list to its rattle;
Adieu to the wars,
With their slashes and scars,
The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us maimed,
And some that are lamed,
And some of old aches are complaining;
But we'll take up the tools
Which we flung by like fools,
'Gainst Don Spaniard to go a-campaigning.

Dick Hathorn doth vow
To return to the plough,
Jack Steele to his anvil and hammer;
The weaver shall find room
At the wight-wapping loom,
And your clerk shall teach writing and grammar.

THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO

1823

Henry and King Pedro clasping,
Hold in straining arms each other;
Tugging hard and closely grasping,
Brother proves his strength with brother.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,
Blends not thus their limbs in strife;
Either aims, with rage infernal,
Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
Pedro holds Don Henry strait;
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
That, despair and mortal hate.

Sole spectator of the struggle,
Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase, who bore his bugle,
And who bore his sword in war.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
Down upon the earth they go,
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,
Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
Aiding thus the fallen man.

'King to place, or to depose him,
Dwelleth not in my desire,
But the duty which he owes him,
To his master pays the squire.'

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
Now King Pedro lies beneath,
In his heart his brother's poniard,
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwelled.

LINES ON FORTUNE

1831

FORTUNE, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will my Fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain?
And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?

No — let my ditty be henceforth —

Fortune, my friend, how well thou favourest me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see!
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my knee of pain,
I'll walk, I'll mount — I'll be a man again.

THE END

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

NOTES

Note 1, p. 14

Collins, according to Johnson, 'by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.'

Note 2, p. 16

Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, 'after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's lands to his own younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward IV. That house gave for arms, Vert, a bend dexter, chequy, or and gules.' (Burn's *Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, II, 482.)

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyl of Conishead Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above mentioned, the house of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the

heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line failing in John de Vaux, about the year 1665, his daughter and heiress, Mabel, married Christopher Richmond, Esq., of Highhead Castle, in the County of Cumberland, descended from an ancient family of that name, Lords of Corby Castle, in the same county, soon after the Conquest, and which they alienated about the 15th of Edward II, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont (miles auratus), in the reign of King Edward I, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaerlaveroc, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege, his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, and a Chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their Castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry VIII, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great-grandson of John Lord Clifford, by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur) by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Torcrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson Henry Richmond died without issue, leaving five sisters coheiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq., of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of Workington, Esq., who represented the County of Cumberland for many years in Parliament, and by her had a daughter, married to John Christian, Esq. (now Curwen). John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter

and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Bardsea Hall, in the County of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and coheiress of Thomas Braddyl, Esq., of Braddyl, and Conishead Priory, in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters: 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d, Wilson, who upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Braddyl, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Braddyl, in pursuance of his will, by the King's sign-manual; 3d, William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq., of Fulbourne, in the County of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the County of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Braddyl, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Margaret Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq., of Catgill Hall, in the County of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennet, D.D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the families above mentioned, he quarters, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in the College of Arms: 1st, Argent, a fess azure, between 3 saltiers of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or, — Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gemelles gules, and a chief or, — Richmond. 3d, Or, a fess chequey, or and gules between 9 gerbes gules, — Vaux of Caterlen. 4th, Gules, a fess chequey, or and gules between 6 gerbes or, — Vaux of Torcrossock. 5th, Argent (not vert, as stated by Burn), a bend chequey, or and gules, for Vaux of Triermain. 6th, Gules, a cross patonce, or, Delamore. 7th, Gules, 6 lions rampant argent, 3, 2, and 1, Leybourne. This more detailed genealogy of the family of Triermain was obligingly sent to the author by Major Braddyll of Conishead Priory.

NOTE 3, p. 20

Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland. It takes its name from a cairn, or pile of

stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

NOTE 4, p. 20

A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry; and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

NOTE 5, p. 21

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table, is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

NOTE 6, p. 23

The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply embosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at midday.

NOTE 7, p. 27

This was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword, sometimes also called Excalibar.

NOTE 8, p. 29

Tintagel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birthplace of King Arthur.

Note 9, p. 41

The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that monarch is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

Note 10, p. 41

'We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass-ground, which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterised in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

'The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance

of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John.' (Hutchinson's *Excursion to the Lakes*, p. 121.)

Note 11, p. 42

Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

Note 12, p. 44

The characters named in the following stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strung together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the *Marriage of Sir Gawaine:* —

> Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
> They rode with them that daye,
> And, foremost of the companye,
> There rode the stewarde Kaye.
>
> Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
> And eke Sir Garratte keen,
> Sir Tristrem too, that gentle knight,
> To the forest fresh and greene.

Note 13, p. 44

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur: 'But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willeth not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeede unto mei a controversie, and that greate.' (*Assertion of King Arthure.* Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.)

Note 14, p. 48

'In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savying certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, *La Morte d'Arthure;* the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at, yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the prince's chamber.' (Ascham's *Schoolmaster.*)

Note 15, p. 49

See the comic tale of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in the third volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his *Tale of the Enchanted Cup.*

Note 16, p. 143

Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem, entitled *The Red King.*

Note 17, p. 148

In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out over the glacis.

Note 18, p. 209

In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

Note 19, p. 256

It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the theatre.

Note 20, p. 257

At this time, the public of Edinburgh was much agitated by a lawsuit betwixt the magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the city, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge, which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

Note 21, p. 267

These verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-Singer*, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Æschylus, that —

> —— Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
> But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the

more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and therefore some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelreid, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the Middle Ages. Leopold III, Archduke of Austria, called 'The handsome man-at-arms,' was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

Note 22, p. 268

All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

Note 23, p. 269

This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the Middle Ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen

found it necessary to cut off these peaks that they might move with the necessary activity.

NOTE 24, p. 275

The original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled *Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder* (Berlin, 1807), published by Messrs. Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tombstones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and discovers that there actually died, on the 11th May, 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was, by birth, of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen, in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the fifteenth century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh Hall in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.

Note 25, p. 365

Sir George Clark of Pennycuik, Bart. The Baron of Pennycuik is bound by his tenure, whenever the king comes to Edinburgh, to receive him at the Harestone (in which the standard of James IV was erected when his army encamped on the Boroughmuir, before his fatal expedition to England), now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperlain Lone, near the Boroughmuir-head; and, standing thereon, to give three blasts on a horn.

GLOSSARY

abbaye, an abbey.
aboon, above.
abye, atone for.
acton, a buckram vest worn under armour.
ain, own.
air, a sand-bank, an open sea-beach.
airn, iron.
almagest, an astronomical or astrological treatise.
Almayn, German.
amice, an ecclesiastical vestment.
amrie, ambry, a cupboard, a locker.
an, if.
ance, once.
ane, one.
anerly, alone.
aneugh, enough.
angel, an old English gold coin.
arquebus, a hagbut, or heavy musket.
assagay, a slender spear or lance.
atabal, a kind of kettle-drum.
auld, old; **auld Reekie**, Edinburgh.
aventayle, the movable front of a helmet.
avoid thee, begone.

bairn, a child.
baith, both.
baldric, a belt.
bale, a beacon-fire.
ballium, a fortified court.
bandelier, a belt for carrying ammunition.
ban-dog, a watch-dog.
bandrol, a kind of banner or ensign.
banes, bones.
bang, strike violently, beat, surpass.
barbican, the fortification at a castle-gate.
barded, armoured (said of horses).
barding, horse-armour.
barret-cap, a cloth cap.
bartizan, a small overhanging turret.
basnet, basinet, a light helmet.
bassened, having a white stripe down the face.
battalia, a battalion, an army (*not* a plural).
battle, an army.
bauld, bold.
beadsman, one hired to offer prayers for another.
beamed, having a horn of the fourth year.
beaver, the movable front of a helmet.
Beltane, the first of May (a Celtic festival).
bend, bind.
bend (noun), a heraldic term.
bent, a slope; also, aimed.
beshrew, may evil befall, confound.
bicker, a cup, a wooden vessel; also, to make a brawling sound.
bickering, quivering, flashing.
bilboe, a sword.
bill, a kind of battle-axe or halberd.
billmen, troops armed with the bill.
black-jack, a leather jug or pitcher.
blaze, blazon, proclaim.
blink, a glimpse.
bluidy, bloody.
bonail, i. e., **bonallez**, a god-speed, parting with a friend.
bonnet-pieces, gold coins with the king's cap (bonnet) on them.
boot and bale, help and hurt.
boune, bowne, prepare, make ready.
boune, ready, prepared.
bountith, a gratuity.
bourd, a jest.
bow o' kye, a herd of cattle.
bower, a chamber, a lodging-place, a lady's apartments.
bra', braw, brave.
brach, a bitch-hound.
bracken, fern.
brae, a hillside.

braid, broad.
branking, prancing.
brast, burst.
bratchet, a slowhound.
braw, worthy, excellent.
brigantine, a kind of body armour.
brigg, a bridge.
brock, a badger.
broke, quartered (the cutting up of a deer).
brose, broth.
brotikins, buskins.
brugh, borough, town.
buff, a thick cloth.
burn, burnie, a brook.
busk, dress, prepare.
buxom, lively.
by times, betimes, early.

caird, a tinker.
cairn, a heap of stones, a rocky point.
canna, cotton-grass.
cantle, the crown.
canty, cheerful, lively.
cap of maintenance, a cap worn by the king-at-arms or chief herald.
carle, a fellow.
carline, a woman, a witch.
carp, talk.
cast, a pair (of hawks).
cast, kind, sort, style.
causey, a causeway.
chanters, the pipes of the bagpipe.
check at, meditate attack (in falconry).
cheer, face, countenance.
chiel, a child, a fellow.
claymore, a large sword.
clerk, a scholar.
clip, clasp, embrace.
clout, mend.
cogie, a small wooden bowl.
combust, an astrological term.
corbel, a bracket.
coronach, a dirge.
correi, a hollow in a hillside, a resort of game.
couthie, genial, pleasing.
crabs, crab-apples.
craig, the head.
crenell, an aperture for shooting arrows through.
cresset, a hanging lamp.
crouse, bold.
cuish, a thigh-piece of armour.
cuittle, coax, wheedle.
culver, a small cannon.
cumber, trouble.
cummer, a gossip, an intimate friend.
curch, a matron's coif, or head-dress.
cushat-dove, a wood-pigeon.
cutty, short.

daggled, bespattered.
darkling, in the dark.
daunder, saunter, wander.
daunton, subdue, tame.
deas, a dais, a platform.
deft, skilful.
demi-volt, a movement in horsemanship.
dern, hid.
descant, a melodious accompaniment to a simple musical theme.
dight, decked, dressed, prepared.
dingle, a closely wooded hollow.
dinna, do not.
dinnle, tinkle, thrill.
dint, strike, knock.
dirdum, an uproar.
donjon, the main tower or keep of a castle.
doom, judgment, arbitration.
double tressure, a kind of border in heraldry.
douce, quiet, steady.
dought, was able, could.
down, a hill.
downa, do not.
dramock, meal and water.
dree, drie, bear, suffer, endure.
drouth, thirst.
duddies, rags, tatters.
duniewassals, gentlemen of secondary rank.
dunts, large pieces.
dwam, a swoon, a fainting fit.

earn, erne, an eagle.
eburnine, made of ivory.

een, eyes.
embossed, exhausted by running, foaming at the mouth (hunter's term).
emprise, enterprise.
ensenzie, an ensign, a war-cry.
even, spotless, pure.

failzie, failure.
falcon, a kind of small cannon.
fand, found.
fang, to catch.
far yaud, the signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance.
Fastern's night, Shrove Tuesday.
fauld, a sheepfold.
fay, faith.
fell, a moorland ridge.
fere, a companion.
ferlie, a marvel.
fieldfare, a species of thrush.
fleech, flatter, cajole.
flemens-firth, an asylum for outlaws.
flyting, chiding, scolding.
foray, a predatory inroad.
force, a waterfall.
fosse, a ditch, a moat.
fou, full, tipsy.
frae, from.
fretted, adorned with raised work.
fro, from.
frounced, flounced, plaited.
fulham, a die loaded at the corner.

gae, go; **gaed**, went.
gaitling, a young child.
galliard, a lively dance.
gallowglasses, heavy-armed soldiers.
gane, gone.
gang, go.
gar, make.
gazehound, a hound that pursues by sight rather than scent.
gear, goods, possessions.
gent, high-born, valiant and courteous.
gest, a deed, an exploit.
ghast, ghastly.
gie, give.
gin, if.
gio, a deep ravine which admits the sea.
gipon, a doublet or jacket worn under armour.
glaive, a broadsword.
glamour, a magical illusion.
glee-maiden, a dancing-girl.
gleg, quick, sharp, lively.
glidders, slippery stones.
glozing, flattering.
gonfalone, a banner or ensign.
gorged, having the throat cut.
gorget, armour for the throat.
graith, armour.
gramarye, magic.
gramercy, great thanks (French, *grand merci*).
gree, grie, prize.
greese, fat; **hart of greese**, a fat hart.
greet and grane, weep and groan.
gripple, grasping, miserly.
grisly, horrible, grim.
guarded, edged, trimmed.
gude, good.
gules, red (heraldic).
gullies, large knives.
gylte, a young sow.

haaf, the deep or open sea.
hackbuteer, a soldier armed with hackbut or hagbut, a musketeer.
hae't, haet, an atom.
haffets, cheeks.
hag, broken ground in a bog.
hagbut (hackbut, haquebut, arquebus, harquebuss, etc.), a heavy musket.
halberd, halbert, a combined spear and battle-axe.
hale, haul, drag.
hame, home.
handsel, a gift, earnest money.
hanger, a short broadsword.
harried, plundered, sacked.
hauberk, a coat of mail.
haud, hold.
hearse, a canopy over a tomb, or the tomb itself.
heeze, heise, hoist, raise.
helyer, a cavern into which the tide flows.
hent, seize.

heriot, tribute due to a lord from a vassal.
heron-shew, a young heron.
hight, called, named, promised.
hirsels, flocks of sheep.
holt, wood, woodland.
hosen, hose (old plural).
howf, howff, a haunt, a resort.

idlesse, idleness.
ilka, ilk, each, every.
imp, a child.
inch, an island.

jack, a leather jacket, a kind of armour for the body.
jennet, a small Spanish horse.
jerkin, a kind of short coat.
jerrid, a wooden javelin about five feet long.
jowing, ringing or tolling.

kale, broth.
kames, combs.
kebbuck, cheese.
keek, peep.
keffel, a horse.
ken, know.
kern, a light-armed soldier (Celtic).
kill, a cell.
kipper, salmon or sea trout.
kirk, a church.
kirn, the Scottish harvest-home.
kirtle, a skirt, a gown.
kist, a chest.
kittle, ticklish, delicate.
knosp, a knob (architectural).
knowe, a knoll, a hillock.
kye, cows.

lair, learning.
lair, to stick in the mud.
lang-hafted, long-handled.
largesse, largess, liberality, gift.
lauds, psalms.
launcegay, a kind of spear.
laverock, a lark.
leading-staff, a staff carried by a commanding officer.
leaguer, a camp.
leal, leal-fast, loyal, faithful.
leash, a thong for leading a greyhound; also the hounds so led.
leglin, a milk-pail.
leister, to spear.
leven, a lawn, an open space between or among woods.
leveret, a young hare.
levin, lightning, thunderbolt.
libbard, a leopard.
Lincoln green, a cloth worn by huntsmen.
linn, a waterfall, a pool below a fall, a precipice.
linstock, lintstock, a handle for the lint or match used in firing cannon.
lists, the enclosure for a tournament.
litherlie, mischievous, vicious.
loon, a rogue, a strumpet.
loot, let.
lorn, lost.
loup, leap.
lourd, rather.
lout, bend, stoop.
lunzie, lunyie, loin.
lurch, rob.
lurcher, a dog that **lurches (lurks)**, or lies in wait for game.
lurdane, a blockhead.
lyke-wake, the watching of a corpse before burial.
lyme-dog, a bloodhound.

mair, more.
make, do.
malison, a malediction, a curse.
Malvoisie, Malmsey wine.
march, a border, a frontier.
march-treason, offences committed on the Border.
marrows, companions.
massy, massive.
maukin, a hare.
maun, must.
mavis, the thrush.
mazers, large drinking cups or goblets.
meikle, much, great.
mell, melle, meddle.
merk, a Scottish coin worth about 13⅓ *d.*

merle, the blackbird.
merlin, a species of falcon.
mewed, shut up, confined.
mickle, much, great.
minion, favourite.
miniver, a kind of fur.
mirk, dark.
mony, many.
moonlight, smuggled spirits.
morion, a steel cap, a helmet.
morrice-pike, a long heavy spear.
morris, a kind of dance.
morse, the walrus.
morsing-horns, powder-flasks.
moss, a morass, a bog.
mot, mote, must, might.
muckle, much, large.
muir, a moor, a heath.
mullet, a figure of a star, usually with five straight points.

nae, no.
need-fire, a beacon-fire.
neist, next.
nese, a nose.
noup, a round-headed eminence.

oe, an island.
O hone, alas!
Omrahs, nobles (Turkish).
or, gold (heraldic).
orra, odd, occasional.
owches, jewels.
ower, over, too.

pall, fine or rich cloth.
pallioun, a pavilion.
palmer, a pilgrim to the Holy Land.
pardoner, a seller of priestly indulgences.
partisan, a halberd, a combination of spear and battle-axe.
peel, a Border tower.
pensils, small pennons or streamers.
pentacle, a magic diagram.
pibroch, a Highland air on the bagpipe.
pied, variegated.
pike, pick.
pinnet, a pinnacle.
pirn, a spool, a reel.
placket, a stomacher, a petticoat, a slit in a petticoat, etc.
plate-jack, coat-armour.
plump, a body of cavalry, a group, a company.
poke, a sack, a pocket.
port, a lively tune, a catch.
post and pair, an old game at cards.
pow, a head.
pranked, dressed up, adorned.
presence, the royal presence-chamber.
pricked, spurred.
pricker, a horseman, a mounted soldier.
propine, a present.
prore, the prow.
pryse, the note blown at the death of the game.
puir, poor.
pursuivant, an attendant on a herald.

quaigh, a wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.
quarry, game (hunter's term).
quatre-feuille, quatrefoil (Gothic ornament).
quean, a young woman, a wench.
quit, requite.

rack, a floating cloud.
racking, flying, like a breaking cloud.
rade, rode.
rais, the master of a vessel.
reads, counsels.
reave, tear away.
rebeck, an ancient musical instrument, an early form of the fiddle.
rede, a story, counsel, advice.
reif, plunder, robbery.
reim-kennar, one skilled in magic rhymes.
reiver, a plunderer, a robber.
reliquaire, a repository for relics.
retrograde, an astrological term.
rie, a prince or chief; **O hone a rie**, alas for the chief!
rin, run.
risp, creak.
rive, tear.

rochet, a bishop's short surplice.
rokelay, a short cloak.
rood, a cross (as in **Holy-Rood**).
room, a piece of land.
rowan, the mountain-ash.
runnel, a small stream of water.
ruth, pity, compassion.

sack, Sherry or Canary wine.
sackless, innocent.
sae, so.
saga, a Scandinavian epic.
sained, blessed.
sair, sore, very.
sall, shall.
saltier, in heraldry an ordinary in the form of a St. Andrew's cross.
salvo-shot, a salute of artillery.
sark, a shirt.
saye, say, assertion.
scalds, Scandinavian minstrels.
scallop, a pilgrim's cockle-shell worn as an emblem.
scapular, an ecclesiastical scarf or short cloak.
scathe, harm, injury.
scaur, a cliff, a precipitous bank of earth.
scaur'd, scared.
scrae, a bank of loose stones.
scrogg, a stunted tree, underwood.
sea-dog, a seal.
seguidille, a Spanish dance.
selcouth, strange, uncouth.
selle, a saddle.
seneschal, the steward of a castle.
sewer, an officer who serves up a feast.
shalm, a shawm, a musical instrument.
sheeling, a shepherd's hut.
sheen, bright, shining.
shent, shamed.
shirra, a sheriff.
shrieve, shrive, absolve.
shroud, a garment, a plaid.
sic, such.
siller, silver.
skerry, a flat insulated rock not subject to the overflowing of the sea.
skirl, scream, sound shrilly.
sleights, tricks, stratagems.
slogan, the war-cry or gathering word of a Border clan.
snood, a maiden's hair-band or fillet.
soland, solan-goose, gannet.
sooth, true, truth.
sped, despatched, 'done for.'
speer, speir, ask.
speerings, tidings.
spell, make out, study out.
sperthe, a battle-axe.
splent, a splinter.
spring, a quick and cheerful tune.
springlet, a small spring.
spule, a shoulder.
spurn, kick.
stack, a precipitous rock rising from the sea.
stag of ten, one having ten branches on his antlers.
stamock, the stomach.
stance, a station.
stane, stone.
stark, stout, stalwart.
steek, shut.
stern, a star.
sterte, started.
stirrup-cup, a parting cup.
stole, an ecclesiastical scarf or robe.
stoled, wearing the **stole**.
store, stored up.
stoun, stown, stolen.
stour, severe.
stowre, battle, tumult.
strain, stock, race.
strath, a broad river-valley.
strathspey, a Highland dance.
streight, strait.
strook, struck, stricken.
stumah, faithful.
swith, haste, quickly.
syde, long.
syne, since; **lang syne**, long ago.

tabard, a herald's coat.
tait, a tuft.
targe, a shield.
tarn, a mountain lake.
tartan, the full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

tett, a plait or plaited knot.
thraw, twist, thwart.
throstle, a thrush.
tide, time.
tine, lose; **tint**, lost.
tire, a head-dress.
toom, empty.
torsk, a fish of the cod family.
tottered, tattered, ragged.
toun, a town.
train, allure, entice.
trental, a service of thirty masses for a deceased person.
tressure, a border (heraldic).
trews, Highland trousers.
trine, threefold, an astrological term.
trow, believe, trust.
trowls, passes round.
truncheon, a staff, the shaft of a spear.
twa, two.
tyke, a dog.
tyne, lose.

uncouth, strange, unknown.
uneath, not easily, with difficulty.
unsparred, unbarred.
upsees, a Bacchanalian cry or interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.
urchin, an elf.

vail, avail.
vail, lower, let fall.
vair, a kind of fur, probably of the squirrel.
vantage-coign, an advantageous position.
vaunt-brace, or **warn-brace**, armour for the forearm.
vaward, van, front.
vilde, vile.
voe, a creek or inlet of the sea.

wad, would.
wadmaal, a thick woollen cloth.
wan, won.
Warden-raid, a raid commanded by a Border Warden in person.
ware, beware of.
warlock, a wizard.
warped, frozen.
warre, worse.
warrison, a note of assault.
warstle, wrestle.
wassail, spiced ale, a drinking-bout.
wauk, wake.
waur, worse.
weapon-schaw, a military array of a county, a muster.
weed, a garment.
weird, fate, doom.
whenas, when.
whilere, while-ere, erewhile, a while ago.
whiles, sometimes.
whilom, whilome, formerly.
whin, gorse, furze.
whingers, knives, poniards.
whinyard, a hunter's knife.
wick, an open bay.
wight, active, gallant, war-like.
wight-wapping, swift moving.
wildering, bewildering.
wimple, a veil.
woe-worth, woe be to.
woned, dwelt.
wraith, an apparition, a spectre.
wreak, avenge.
wud, would.
wuddie, the gallows.

yare, ready.
yate, a gate.
yaud, see **far yaud.**
yerk, jerk.
yode, went.

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